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WHO'S WHO IN SOUTH DAKOTA

BY O. W. COURSEY

Coursey
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WHO'S WHO IN SOUTH DAKOTA

(VOLUME II)

THIRTY-THREE BIOGRAPHIES

By

O. W. COURSEY

Author of:

"History and Geography of the Philippine Islands"
"The Woman With a Stone Heart"
"The Philippines and Filipinos"
"Who's Who in South Dakota" (Vol. I)
"Biography of General Beadle"
"Biography of Senator Kittredge"
"Literature of South Dakota"
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INTRODUCTION

Vol. I, "Who's Who in South Dakota," containing the first fifty of these articles, having found a prompt and steady sale, the publishers concluded that there is a demand in the state for this class of personal, or conversational, literature.

True; the articles are loosely drawn, because they were written merely for temporary newspaper use, and they contain an element of mirth, yet there is so much vital state history woven around the lives of the men contained in them that there has come a general demand for their preservation in book form.

In the preface to Vol. I, the author stated:

It is greatly regretted that many other equally deserving South Dakotans could not have been incorporated in this work, but time and space forbade. However, another volume will appear later, in which only new names will be found.

In harmony with the foregoing sentiments, this volume has made its appearance. We hope it will be as well received as was Volume I.

The Publishers.

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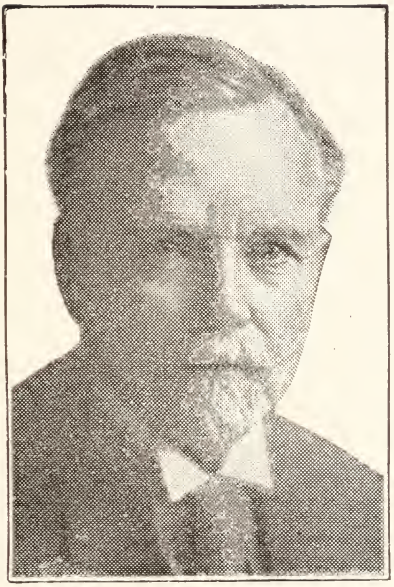


FRANK M. BYRNE

OUR TRUSTED LEADER

Nearly forty years ago, two young farmer boys, who lived about four miles apart in Allamakee county, Iowa, were at school together in a little old building about eleven miles southeast of Waukon, amid innumerable tree-covered hills, skirted with layers of stone, not far back from the huge

bluffs of the Mississippi. Although they were approximately the same age, yet one was teacher and the other pupil. The equality in their years caused them to become chums. They grew fond of each other. Then they separated. Years later, they came together in Dakota; and the teacher is today Senator Coe I. Crawford, while his industrious pupil is the Honorable Frank M. Byrne, governor of South Dakota.

Governor Byrne has "made good" in every way. A large per cent of the sanest legislation on the statute books of our state, eminated from his brain, was drafted by his pen and was enacted largely through his own individual exertion.

He was presented to his father and mother in their humble farm home in Allamakee county, Iowa, by a Good Gypsy, as the tradition goes, away back in 1858—two years after the birth of the republican party, with which he has since been so prominently identified. Had he been born the year he was inaugurated governor of South Dakota, instead of 1858, he would no doubt have been delivered by parcel post.

His boyhood years were spent on the farm. At twenty years of age the western fever got hold of him and he struck out, landing in Sioux Falls in 1879. The next year

he homesteaded in McCook county. He and Lieut. Governor Abel both became identified with McCook county. He broke up part of his own farm and did some work for the Honorable Rollin J. Wells, now of Sioux Falls, one of his neighbors, and who has since earned the distinction of being the state's finest dramatic poet. Wells paid Byrne the first dollar he ever earned in South Dakota; and today there isn't a man in the state who is prouder to see Frank M. Byrne governor, than is Mr. Wells himself.

But Mr. Byrne's western fever proved "intermittent," as the doctor would say; at least he suffered a relapse, for, after proving up in 1883, he again pulled west and settled in Faulk county. At that time the little inland town of La Foon was the county seat. Here he made his home for two years. Then he struck for Fargo, now in North Dakota, but at that time a prominent village of Dakota Territory. For the next three years, he roamed between Fargo and Sioux Falls. However, in 1888 he came back to Faulk county and settled on a farm where he remained till 1900 when he moved into the city of Faulkton, where he has since made his home.

During all these years, he prospered, so that today he owns twelve quarter sec-

tions of land in Faulk county, and a nice home in the city of Faulkton. Seven quarters of the land lie together in one farm near Miranda. It is a splendid farm—one that Governor Byrne may well feel proud of, because he earned it instead of inheriting it.

IN POLITICS

Governor Byrne was the first state senator from Faulk county. Later, he served four years (1899-1902) as treasurer of that county. These early experiences gave rise to his growing knowledge of our public affairs. He then retired from politics for four years. But again in 1906 his friends turned out and sent him back to the state senate. He was making good. Faulk county placed confidence in his ability, his integrity and his judgment. It was during his second service in the senate that the eyes of the state were attracted to him. He had some "insurgent" or "progressive" or "reformatory" (whichever you wish to call it) ideas—not red-eyed, fire-eating, irrational, radical, panaceas for all of our political evils, both real and imaginary—but some genuine, sane, manly conceptions of rational progress. So he introduced into the state senate, and succeeded in their enactment, the following laws:

(1) Anti-Pass law—which has since proved one of the greatest blessings to the state of any law which we have ever enacted.

(2) The Two-Cent Passenger Fare Law—which has since been tied up in the courts.

(3) The Reciprocal Demurrage Law —which requires railroads to pay damages for delay in furnishing cars to shippers.

(4) A Law Taxing Railways' Terminal Property.

(5) A Law Reducing Express Rates 20 per cent—and authorizing the state railroad commission to reduce these rates still further.

(6) A Law Requiring Standard Forms of Life Insurance Policies.

(7) An Insurance Law—one requiring the insurance commissioner to turn over all fees to the state treasurer, and providing that they could be paid out only on regular vouchers; and

(8) The Anti-Lobby Law.

His legislative record made him an easy winner for the lieutenant-governorship in 1910. Here again, in the organization of the state senate, he showed himself to be a man of great poise, judgment, tact and fairness and withal a statesman. As presiding officer of the state senate, he won the friendship and

confidence of the leaders in both factions of his party. So, in 1912, the natural—the logical thing—happened. He became a candidate for governor. There was plenty of opposition, to be sure. A primary is a bid for multiplication of candidates. But when the votes were counted, Frank M. Byrne had polled a plurality of approximately 10,000, over his nearest competitor and a majority of 6,000 over all. He had a tough fight in November, but he won.

AS GOVERNOR

On January 7, 1912, amid imposing ceremonies, Frank M. Byrne was sworn in as governor of our great and growing state. His inauguration was one of the grandest in the history of the commonwealth.

From the standpoint of our state's needs, his first message to the legislature was a masterpiece. Again, in detail recommendations, it showed that the governor is not only a man of broad comprehension but that he possesses an exceedingly analytical mind. In all, he made recommendations for specific legislation at once on nineteen different subjects, chief among which were our state institutions, freight and passenger rates, and public printing.

The message, in printed form, consists of fifty pages—exactly one half of which are

devoted to our state institutions. His most sweeping recommendations are in a complete change which he recommends for the management of our state educational, our charitable and our penal institutions. At present the five regents have complete control of the state schools, while the five members of the board of charities and corrections have equal authority over the charitable and penal institutions. Instead of dividing the work perpendicularly, so to speak, as it now is, Governor Byrne recommends a constitutional amendment that will reduce each board to three members and authorize the legislature to enact a law dividing the boards' responsibilities horizontally; that is, a board of administration to employ the heads of all of the institutions, and other members, and another board to look after the strictly business affairs of the same. His reasoning invites admiration. A class of men, competent by education, training and experience, to select normal school presidents and faculties, might not be equipped to handle successfully the technical part of the various institutions' business affairs, while a board of three, consisting of an experienced contractor, a banker and a lawyer, would unquestionably look closely after the erection of buildings, the

insurance of the same and various kindred matters.

His foresight in asking the legislature to begin at once to equip the state's grounds, near Watertown, for another asylum, so as to be prepared to take care of our unfortunate citizens, as soon as the Yankton institution has reached an enrollment of 1,200, is an act of statesmanship, and it shows that the people made no mistake in electing Frank M. Byrne governor.

PERSONAL

As a public speaker, Governor Byrne is plain-spoken, straightforward and convincing. As a writer, his first message shows him to be a man capable of expressing himself in simple, modest, but high grade English. His message is that of a thoroughly trained business mind.

He was married in April, 1888, to Miss Emma Beaver of Kenton, Ohio. Mrs. Byrne possesses a modest, kindly, democratic temperament, similar to that of her distinguished husband. As the "First Lady" of our state she has proven companionable, sympathetic and hospitable.

To this couple who have now become so prominent in the public eye of our state, have been born five sons, Carrol B., who graduated

June, 1912, from the naval academy at Annapolis; Francis J., Malcolm, Joseph and Emmons.

Governor Byrne, as has been shown, has had splendid preparation in the school of experience to equip him to make South Dakota a great executive. He is a sturdy Irishman—one possessed of a high sense of civic duty, a member of the Congregational church, and a Knight of Pythias, a Mason and an Elk. Governor Byrne was re-elected in 1914, and is now serving his second term.

R. L. SLAGLE

PRESIDENT, STATE UNIVERSITY

Hanover, Pennsylvania, is a small village on the railroad that connects the historic town of Gettysburg with the city of Baltimore. During the civil war, it was the nearest decidedly Union town, to the latter place. Here, in the spring of 1865, three

promising baby boys were born within a period of two and a half months. Hanover is only a few miles from the famous Gettysburg battlefield. This battlefield had been appropriately dedicated by President Lincoln in his immortal speech. The civil war was nearing its close. Abraham Lincoln had become the idol of the North. His eldest son's name was Robert. So what more natural thing could have happened than that these three "Union" babies should each have been named "Robert Lincoln?" And so we have Robert Lincoln Hamme, today a post-office employee at Hanover; Robert Lincoln Young, now a wholesale fruit dealer in Omaha, and Robert Lincoln Slagle, president of our state university at Vermillion.

His ancestors were German. The family settled at Germantown, Penn., a few years after the old colony was founded.

His early education was secured in the public and the private schools of Hanover. Then he matriculated at Lafayette college in 1883; received his Bachelor of Arts degree four years later, and was elected to the "Phi Beta Kappa."

STRIKES WEST

In September, 1887, he came to Dakota and accepted the professorship of natural science in the Collegiate Institute at Groton.

In the what? In the Collegiate Institute! Yes, sir! Gracious! Never heard of it. No, well, that's not strange. What was the year? 1887. The school closed shortly thereafter. What if it did? Who was to blame? The writer has a most distinct recollection of having hauled a load of oats, consisting of 108 bushels to market on a beautiful fall day, that same year, and of having received for the entire load $12.70; also of having marketed a load of forty-two bushels of wheat the same fall, for which he received $13.44. Not many youngsters were going to be permitted to attend "collegiate institutes" while they and the old folks were receiving such prices as these for their products.

RETURNS EAST

Professor Slagle left the state in 1888 and went to Johns Hopkins university, where he took up graduate work. In the summer of 1891-92, he did laboratory work at Harvard and in the Museum of Hygiene of the U. S. Navy Department. He earned and was given his Doctor of Philosophy degree by Johns Hopkins in 1894. The same year he took his Master's degree at Lafayette College.

COMES WEST AGAIN

After completing his work at Johns Hopkins, he served as assistant under

Professor Atwater, at Middleton, Conn., and in New York City.

Still, there remained in his memory visions of the West, of Indian summer days, of beautiful mirages, and of treeless plains whose horizons were bounded only by the curves of the earth. He longed to come back to a country that had outgrown the "dry time." And so in the fall of 1895 when he was elected professor of chemistry in our state college at Brookings, his ambition was realized and again he came West.

Two years later, he was transferred to the department of chemistry in the State School of Mines at Rapid City, and the next year he was made president of the institution. Land of opportunity! Blessed are the opportunists who keep pace with their opportunities. Shakespeare was pretty wise when he wrote:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

Dr. Slagle was at flood tide. He made good at Rapid City for eight years; and on January 1, 1906, the regents of education called him back to Brookings and installed him as president of our State College at that place, in which he had formerly been a humble professor.

ANOTHER PROMOTION

He remained at the head of the State

College for eight years. During the summer of 1913, Dr. Gault resigned the presidency of the State University at Vermillion. At that time, Dr. Slagle had been for eighteen successive and successful years under the regents of education in this state—professor of chemistry in two of our institutions of higher education, and subsequently president of them both. There wasn't a flaw in his record. He was recognized by the brainy men of the East as one of the most exact scholars in the State. So, on December 5, 1913, the regents of education met at Vermillion, and without any application from Dr. Slagle or any endorsements of him from anybody, they elected him president of our State University.

He promptly resigned at Brookings and went to Vermillion where he assumed charge of the school February 2, 1914. The faculty and students gave him a most cordial welcome; the city of Vermillion received him with open arms. Confidence in the institution was promptly restored throughout the State. President Gault had been gone for seven months and the institution was running without a regular presidential head—the deans of the various colleges alternating in charge of affairs. In a year the regular college enrollment had increased 31 per cent.

This, without counting any of the 170 summer school students.

HIS RECORD AND PERSONALITY

Here is a great record—the record of a great man. Dr. Slagle is a powerful thinker. Said the mighty Emerson, "I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought into which other men may rise with labor and difficulty." This is the sphere of thought inhabited by Dr. Slagle. One can only rise to the same level with him through years of patient toil and research. This is the way he got it; others must achieve it likewise.

And yet, withal, Dr. Slagle is one of the most simple, most democratic and most companionable men in our state. He is as chummy with the boys of our state university as though they were actually his room mates. On the other hand he maintains—even while mingling so freely with them—that beautiful manly dignity that commands respect and invites admiration. Only the born teacher and disciplinarian can do this. In his natural manners Dr. Slagle reminds one of Shakespeare's couplet:

> "I dare do all that may become a man:
> Who dares do more is none."

There can be no doubt that God gives to every man special talents to do certain

things: this becomes their natural field of work. To succeed they must find it. Dr. Slagle found his—the school room. Carlyle immortalized this thought in his literary gem:

"Blessed is he who has found his work;
Let him ask no other blessedness."

Thus is Dr. Slagle blessed—thrice blessed. And through this blessing, coupled with his pure manhood, he is blessing others; for, in the language of Browning:

"The world wants men—pure men,
Who can not be bought or sold;
Men who would scoff to violate trust;
Genuine gold.

The world wants men—pure men,
Free from the taint of sin,
Men whose lives are clean without
And pure within."

"Conquer thyself!" wrote Burton, "Till thou hast done that thou art a slave." Robert L. Slagle, the moral man, makes Robert L. Slagle, the physical man, and Robert L. Slagle, the mental man, both his slaves. His great heart rules; and out of it springs a manhood that makes others more manly who have heard or felt its throbs.

Again he is a sympathetic man—one thoroughly enthused with his work. For some time three eastern schools have been struggling to get him away from South Da-

kota. Two of them have offered him salaries far in excess of what he is receiving, but he has steadfastly refused, and to each offer has said: "No, I like my boys and I have a mission here to perform." Perhaps, after all, his soul has been lighted up with a spark from Cotton's pen:

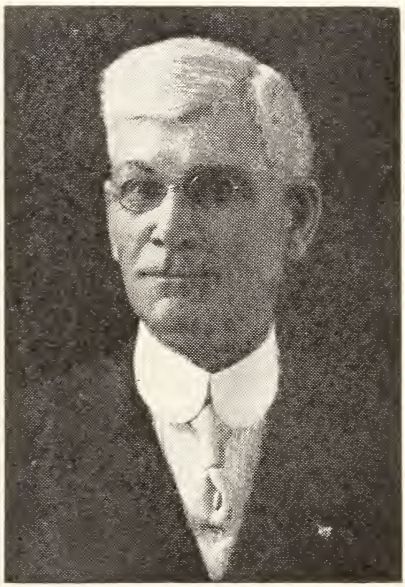
"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam."

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS

At Rapid City, Dr. Slagle was a member of the Black Hills Mining association. He is also a member of the American Chemical society, of the Free Masons, the Sons of the American Revolution, and of the Episcopal church.

However, any mention that might be made of him, without including Mrs. Slagle, would be incomplete. Her maiden name was Gertrude A. Riemann, and her home was in Philadelphia. She and Dr. Slagle were united in holy matrimony at St. Paul in 1896.

Mrs. Slagle was quite as democratic in her manners as is her distinguished husband. She was a lady of strong literary tastes, always congenial and refreshing, and was for several years instructor in English at the State School of Mines. Mrs. Slagle, after a painful illness, passed away December 3, 1915.



W. W. GIRTON

HIS STEPS POINT RIGHT

"I have never met you before, professor, but I have crossed and recrossed your trail a hundred times, and I have always found that your steps pointed in the right direction," said Father Haire, a member of the regents of education during Governor Mellette's

days, to Prof. W. W. Girton, of the Madison State Normal, the first time they met.

What the good old father discovered, every other man who has ever crossed Professor Girton's trail, has also discovered. Here is a man of whom it may truthfully be said, "His life is an open book." With him, deceit is contrary to his nature. He has practiced the rules of civic virtue and private honesty for so many years that he could not betray his fellow man if he tried—but he will never try. A thirty-second degree Mason, he has inculcated from that grand fraternity, the noble principles which have moulded him into a righteous man.

His soul is embossed in beauty. From it emanates rays of powerful and magnetic friendship that draw his associates to him by legions. His inward nature exhales a soul-sweetness that causes his companions to speak with pride when they say, "He is my friend." Calm, judicious, even tempered, and one who practices daily those great civic virtues—silence and circumspection—his is the life ideal; his, the companionship to be sought; his, the example to follow. If every man's steps pointed in the direction of Professor Girton's, we would have no jails, no penitentiaries, and the millennial dawn which is to usher in the angelic day would be staring us squarely in the face.

ADOWN THE YEARS

It will surprise many of Professor Girton's friends to learn that his birthplace was Lincolnshire, England, April 10, 1850; that his parents were both British born and reared; and that later on, W. W. Girton married a girl (Frances Richmond), who was born at Belturbet, Ireland, May 10, 1852. This leaves but one year and eleven months between their ages. Whether Mrs. Girton has ever demanded "home rule" for Ireland we do not know; but it is safe to say that Great Brit (her devoted husband) never denied to her a common sense request.

The same year that W. W. was born, his parents removed with him to America and settled at Florence, Mich. The next year his father died, and our baby immigrant, his good mother and one brother, were left in a foreign land to hustle for themselves. The mother took her little brood and wended her way to Sauk county, Wisconsin. Here William got his early education in a district school. Later he attended the public schools, and then he became a student for two years in the academy at Spring Green, going from there to the academy at Sextonville. Out of this trend of events, he had prepared himself for a teacher, and in 1870, at the age of twenty, he took up work as such in a district school near Reedsburg.

The financial struggles of childhood had taught our young teacher the art of saving. He guarded well his earnings and expenditures during the year, and then in April, 1871, he entered the state normal at Plattesville, from which he graduated in 1874.

During the winter of 1875-76 Professor Girton was principal of schools at Muscoda, Wis. Then he drifted over to Cinton, Ia., and was appointed assistant superintendent of the school for the blind; but at the end of the first year he resigned to accept the principalship of the public schools at Harlan, Ia. In 1880, he was elected superintendent of schools in Shelby county, Iowa, of which Harlan is the county seat.

In this position, he served four years; then he established the "Shelby County Republican" at Harlan, which he edited and published for three years. However, in 1886, he sold out and came to Vilas, S. D., at which place he organized the Vilas Banking Co., serving as president of the same for three years. During this same period he established and published the "Miner County Farmer."

He sold out in 1889 and was immediately thereafter made chief engrossing clerk of the last territorial legislature, which at that time was in session at Bismarck. When the

legislature adjourned he was made deputy territorial auditor, and as such he had charge of the tremendous task which we "Latter Day Saints" will never know anything about, of making a complete transcript of the territorial records to be filed in the capitol of our own state which had just been organized; and of moving to Pierre, systematizing and filing away, over sixty tons of literature.

But Girton had gotten the teaching germ so instilled into his blood that he could not quit. So he went back to Miner county; was elected superintendent of schools in 1892; served out his constitutional limit—two terms—and in 1896 was elected to the chair of civics in our state normal school at Madison.

This latter position he held until January 1st, 1914, when he resigned, on account of enfeebled eyesight. He was also made official secretary for the school, which position he held for many years. In addition to his regular work, he also served in 1901-02 as acting president of the normal.

Professor Girton served in 1905 as president of the Eastern South Dakota Educational Association. His "president's address" was a masterful piece of sarcastic statesmanship. We regret that we can not

reproduce it again in full, (The Argus-Leader published it nearly in full at the time it was delivered). One paragraph must suffice:

"The rural school house may properly be described as a rectangular box built with no regard for proper heating, lighting and ventilation; planned and constructed with no other thought than that of economy. In most cases it stands alone on the bleak prairie without a tree or shrub to protect it from the wintry blast or to offer a little grateful shade from the summer sun. Two or three windows on the side furnish the light. A stove in the center scorches the urchin nearest to it while the one in the corner is freezing. There is seldom any attempt at ornamentation of any kind, and the restless, vigorous boy, in protest against his unwilling captivity, shirks his lessons, cuts his initials on his desk, and at the slightest provocation adds truancy to his other sins."

In politics, Professor Girton has ever been a staunch and consistent republican. Since 1878, he has also been a devout member of the Baptist church. He is a thirty-second degree Scottish-rite Mason, and a Royal Arch degree York-rite Mason; also a member of the I. O. O. F. and of the A. O. U. W.

At Madison he was always spoken of as "the students' friend." Hereafter he will devote himself to real estate matters. Professor Girton has put his business instinct into his education and education into his business, so that today he is comfortably fixed. He owns a nice home fronting on the normal campus at Madison, and three splendid farms in Lake county. He and Mrs. Girton are the parents of six children—none of whom are now at home. They are each one thoroughly educated, and each is now occupying a station of trust and honor at various places throughout the world.

This grand good couple have thus lived intelligently, and they are now prepared to spend their declining years in solid comfort, enduring peace and happy recollections. Yes; his "steps point right" and so do hers. Let us all endeavor to "point" ours in the same direction!

GEORGE W. KINGSBURY

DADDY OF THEM ALL

Those early newspaper pioneers who had so much to do with the development of our state are rapidly passing off the stage of action. Two of them, now above the seventy line, still remain at their posts of duty—Gossage, editor and publisher since away

back in the seventies of the "Rapid City Journal," and W. S. Bowen, editor of the "Daily Huronite." Nash and Linn, both of Canton, have laid aside their editorial pens forever, and are today rehearsing reminiscences beyond the Veil of Time. However, the "daddy" of them all, George Washington Kingsbury, of Yankton, although not now at the helm of a paper, is with us still.

The first newspaper plant in the state was the "Dakota Democrat," later known as the "Western Independent," established at Sioux Falls for purely political purposes, in 1859. At the Little Crow Indian outbreak, it was abandoned. The second paper—the one which ultimately became the first permanent paper in the state—was the "Weekly Dakotaian" established at Yankton in June, 1861, by Hon. Frank M. Ziebach. He brought the outfit up by team from Sioux City. The old building in which it was first published, is still standing in the city of Yankton.

The object of the establishment at Yankton of the "Weekly Dakotaian" was political rather than financial. Its primary purpose was accomplished in the election of General Todd as our first territorial delegate in congress. However, in September, 1861, three months after its birth, it suspended publication temporarily.

The first territorial legislature for Dakota convened at Yankton, March 17, 1862. On that very day there arrived at Yankton a young man but twenty-five years of age (George W. Kingsbury, the theme of this article), who was destined to guide the affairs of the burg, and with him came the Hon. Josiah Trask who was later killed in the Quantrelle massacre in 1864. They at once bought the "Weekly Dakotaian," converted it into the "Daily Dakotaian," and published it for sixty days—during the legislative session. Then, Ziebach bought Trask's interest in the plant and he and Kingsbury, in May, 1862, took up in earnest the publication of the paper.

Yankton was the territorial capital of the entire region of Dakota. It grew rapidly, so that by 1872, it was practically as large as it is today. In 1870, another newspaper, the "Weekly Press," was opened at that place. It was continued for three years. However, in 1873, it was consolidated with the Dakotaian.

Just at that time Yankton was undergoing a boom. Gold had been discovered in the Black Hills. Migration was heavy in that direction. Yankton was the western outlet. Between 50 and 75 steamboats were making regular trips up the Missouri from

Sioux City and docking at Yankton. One of these boats did a yearly business of $1,000,000. Twenty of them established trade along the upper Missouri as far north as Ft. Pierre.

The same year, 1873, the Milwaukee railroad was extended as far west as Yankton. The next year, 1874, W. S. Bowen, now of the Huronite, came to Yankton from Wisconsin. He bought an interest in the Dakotaian, with Kingsbury, and in April, 1875, they got out the first issue of the "Daily Press and Dakotaian" which has been continued to this day; was, and still is, one of the most influential daily newspapers in the state.

It was always active in politics. President Arthur, in 1883, made Bowen postmaster at Yankton as a reward for political service previously rendered to his lamented predecessor, James A. Garfield. Cleveland "fixed" him as soon as he took the throne. When Harrison came in, he returned Bowen to the postmastership for four years. Then the Daily Press and Dakotaian got behind Richard Franklin Pettigrew and put him in the United States senate. Pettigrew called Bowen to his private secretaryship, and Kingsbury continued the publication of the paper until 1902, when, owing to advanced

years, he sold out to David Lloyd, who, at present, is deputy treasurer of Yankton county.

OUR "DADDY" HIMSELF

It has been necessary to review these historical events that came up in the life of "Daddy" Kingsbury, in order to understand the old gentleman himself.

He was born at Lee, Oneida county, New York, December 16, 1837. At the age of four his parents removed with him to Utica, N. Y., where he got a scanty education, and fitted himself for a civil engineer. George Washington did this, you know; so George Washington Kingsbury "followed suit." Many a boy has been made into a man by naming him right. The implied suggestion resulting to him from the utterance of his name, stimulates him.

He assisted in the survey of the Black River and Utica railroad; then he went to Wisconsin, in 1856, and helped to survey the Watertown, Madison and Prairie du Chien railroad. When this work had been completed he went to St. Louis and took up the printers' trade which he had learned while a boy. From there he went to Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1858, where he worked in a job printing office for a few months and then accepted a job as editor of a paper at

Junction City, which he ran for three years.

During this period he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Trask with whom he came to Dakota Territory in 1862. In 1863, he was elected to the territorial legislature from Yankton, and served four years. He was appointed collector of internal revenue in 1890; was elected to the state senate in 1894, and in 1898 Governor Lee appointed him a member of the state board of charities and corrections.

A western sketch, devoid of an act by Cupid, could at best be but stale reading. In all human undertakings, from the sinful tragedy in the Garden of Eden, down through the ages, to Mary kneeling at the feet of her bleeding Lord on Calvary, there has invariably been a woman to play her part—to complete the act, make it fascinating, genuine, real. The thing bothering man now is whether the female is not going to play more than her part. Well, just so in the life of our pioneer, George W. Kingsbury. That printer's experience in Kansas had brought a southern belle—Miss Lydia M. Stone—into the pathway of his life. Cupid got busy, and on September 20, 1864, they became husband and wife. To their union have been born and reared three sons—George, Theodore and Charles.

All are gone. Today the old gentleman sits in the silent home at Yankton, to which he brought his bride fifty-two years ago, all alone, writing what will undoubtedly prove to be the best history of South Dakota ever written. He has been working on it for ten years; that is, steadily; while as a matter of fact, he began it fifty years ago.

First, he thought to make it a history of Yankton, but when the Yankton semi-centennial jubilee was held a few years since, his friends who gathered there urged him to make it a history of Dakota. Again, with Yankton as the old territorial capital for over twenty years, its history would, of necessity, be largely the history of our state for that period. Only a few men are left who are capable of writing its history largely from memory. One of these pioneers is General W. H. H. Beadle. Recently he made a trip to Yankton to examine Mr. Kingsbury's manuscript which is now nearing completion, and after carefully reviewing it, he pronounced it the best history—par excellence—of the state in existence. The publication of it will be arranged for somehow during the next year or so; and its sale among our people should bring the old gentleman suitable recompense for his long patient years of toil. As a trained editorial

writer he has acquired a style of written expression that is fascinating and clear. His diction is most admirable; and even in sketching history wherein the literary confines are much more rigid than in newspaper work, his language is lucid and picturesque.

But a few years more will have elapsed until the last one of the Dakota plainsmen will have passed from the theatre of operations forever, leaving behind him as a lasting heritage for the future the part he took as an empire builder of the west. The part taken by George W. Kingsbury will make a brilliant chapter in the history of the state, and he will leave behind him,

> "Foot-prints on the sands of time."
> "Foot-prints, that perhaps another
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother
> Seeing, may take heart again."

At the date of the publication of this book, Mr. Kingsbury's history has been completed. Prof. G. M. Smith, of our state university, has re-edited it. The S. J. Clarke Publishing Co., of Chicago, have published it, and it is now for sale at $25.00.

H. B. ANDERSON

AN HONEST SERVANT

Eleven years a county official, four years a deputy county officer, and four years a state official; total, nineteen years of public service—sixteen years of which were continuous, although the offices he held, save that of three years as a county commissioner, were those limited by the state constitution to two terms of two years each. Can any other man in the state duplicate it?

Who's record is it? The Honorable H. B. Anderson's, our former state auditor. "How did he do it?" you ask. Easily enough; when he was first elected to office, he proved to the public that he was obliging, conscientious and honest. They were looking for such a servant, and they by their franchise, kept him in office.

His entire life reveals a character, a trustworthiness and a manhood far above the average. He is a poor man; otherwise, some might suspect that money had kept him in office. Not so! Honesty and efficient service did it.

Anderson is a Scandinavian by birth and an American by adoption. There is no better class of citizens in America than the sturdy Swede and the valiant Norsk. His boyhood was spent in southern Sweden where he came into being, September 15, 1859. His parents were pious, conscientious farmers, greatly respected in that section of his fatherland. In his early boyhood they inculcated in him lessons of piety, reverence, frugality and devotion. These early fireside lessons gave rise to stable manhood. "The earliest impressions make the most ineffaceable records." It's true in all walks of life.

At the tender age of six years, he lost his devout mother, yet the impress of her

personality and teachings lingers with him yet. Three years later his father remarried, and two years afterward the family migrated to America and settled on a farm in Jefferson county, Nebraska.

The next year, when young Anderson was yet under twelve years of age, he was thrust upon his own resources. He began to work on a farm at $7 per month. During the winter season, he worked for his board and attended an old-fashioned country school—one built of logs, where the benches were around the outer edge of the room, and where the old pedagog was severe and the entire curriculum consisted of the "Three R's." Here the lad got his scanty scholastic preparation for life.

Boyhood gave way to manhood, and on November 12, 1882, there took place in the little neighborhood a Scandinavian marriage, the contracting parties to which were Henry B. Anderson and Miss Ida C. Lindahl. She proved a splendid, God-fearing, hard-working helpmate for the young Swede; and as the years passed by she became the proud mother of eight children, three of whom are still living. Mrs. Anderson died October 19, 1915.

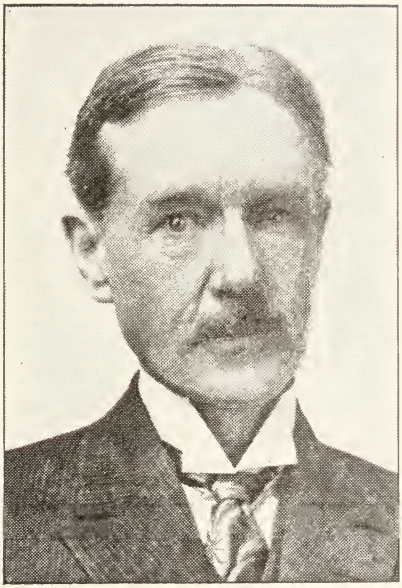
The early pioneers—Norwegian and otherwise—who had settled in southern

Nebraska, had accumulated all of the vacant government land in that vicinity, so that our young couple, in order to have at least an equal chance in life, found it necessary to push on into the great northwest. They made their way overland and settled on a homestead in Davison county, South Dakota, in the spring of 1883. This farm he still owns. It is today worth $85 per acre. Like other Dakota pioneers, they underwent many bitter hardships, but they stuck to it.

IN POLITICS

In 1888, Mr. Anderson was elected commissioner in Davison county. The next year the state constitution was adopted. Anderson, by the change was given three years in the office. After that he kept out of office for awhile—but in 1898 he was forced against his will to become a candidate for auditor of Davison county. He won, and was re-elected in 1900. Then he was retained four years as deputy county auditor, and then again he was called to the county auditorship and was re-elected as before—thus giving him twelve years of continuous service in the one office. The public liked him. They trusted him. When the campaign of 1910 opened up, some one suggested H. B. Anderson as a candidate for state auditor. The suggestion spread rapidly over

the state. Newspapers and politicians fell into line and he was an easy winner in the June primaries of that year. He was elected in the fall; made a matchless record as state auditor; was re-nominated without opposition in 1912, and re-elected in the fall by the largest plurality of any candidate on the republican ticket. This gives to him sixteen years of continuous service as county auditor, deputy county auditor, and state auditor; and the end is not yet!



ALEXANDER STRACHAN

HE'S A STAYER

Major Dollard, whom we all loved and now mourn, and Prof. Alexander Strachan, were sitting on the porch steps of T. O. Bogert's beautiful home in Scotland, S. D., one pleasant summer's eve, in 1890, engulfed in a pleasant conversation, when Major Dol-

lard finally said. "I hear you are going to Deadwood this fall to take up school work there."

"I am," responded Professor Strachan after a moment's silence.

"Well, sir," said Dollard, "I know those people at Deadwood very well. They are thoroughly united. If you go there and do your duty, you can stay forever!"

He told the truth. Strachan went. He did his duty. He staid. Twenty-four times in succession the hands on the clock have counted off an old year and ushered in a new one, with Professor Alexander Strachan still in the chair as city superintendent at Deadwood. No other man in public school work in this state has ever approached his record for continuous service.

Professor Strachan possesses three fundamental requisites for a successful school man: intelligent modesty, profound sincerity, and a thorough knowledge of his profession. These things have, of course, helped to keep him at Deadwood all these years. But there is another vital element that has played its part—his board has at all times been united. No political or religious questions have ever been mentioned by them at a board meeting. Just one thing—one only—has ever been discussed—the welfare of

the Deadwood schools. Strachan doesn't know the politics of a single member of his board, and it is perhaps equally certain that not a single member of them knows how he votes. The thing which has played more havoc with the public schools of this state than all other forces combined, has been the injection into them of so much politics. True; conditions are rapidly improving. Let us all hope for better days.

Several years ago, a party in Deadwood who was in a position to know, told us when Strachan made application for the position at Deadwood, that all he said in his letter was this:

"I hereby make application for the position of superintendent of your city schools." "Alexander Strachan."

Those thirteen (lucky) words did the trick. There were twenty others. Strachan's application was less than one-twentieth as long as any of the rest. The board liked his brevity—his modesty, if you please; he won!

HIS CAREER

We shall all be delighted to learn where he came from. (We are not troubling about where he will go to. His noble, manly life has been too simple and pure to admit of doubt). Well, his birth occurred in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, over fifty years ago. It

was there he got his early education. At the age of fourteen years, he was so far advanced that he was made a pupil teacher under the school system of Scotland. During this work he prepared himself for the University of Aberdeen, from which institution he later graduated.

In 1873, he came to America and completed his college education at the University of Rochester, taking his Master of Arts degree in 1880. Upon his graduation he was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa.

Professor Strachan came west the year of his graduation and did public and private school work near Chicago for the next six years. However, in 1886, he again moved westward, settled at Scotland, this state, and organized Scotland Academy, holding the position of principal for two years. Then he went to Mandan, North Dakota, and served for two years as city superintendent there.

This takes him up to the year 1890, when he returned to Scotland, S. D., married Miss Mary T. Torrey of that place and then went direct to Deadwood. At first he acted as professor of mathematics, at Deadwood, in addition to his supervisory duties. Then he dropped this line, all but trigonometry, and took up in its place the French and German. He speaks and writes both of these foreign

tongues as readily as English, and it is a fair guess that he is the only man in the state who can.

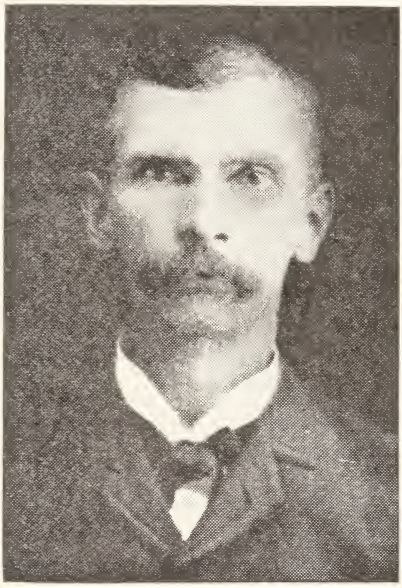
He is a member of the Latin and Greek committee of the North Central association of colleges and secondary schools. Professor Strachan was also honored with the presidency of the State Educational association in 1903.

Mrs. Strachan was born in Maine; spent her girlhood in Wisconsin and her young womanhood in South Dakota, at Scotland. She and the professor are the parents of three childern. One died in its infancy; one is now a sophomore in the University of Chicago and the other is attending the public schools in Deadwood.

We can not, with justice to all concerned, conclude this article, without stopping to congratulate the board of education at Deadwood for having selected a man of Strachan's temperament and scholastic preparation, and then for having the good judgment to retain him. Deadwood has, in this all-important matter, set an example in school work worthy of emulation by the whole state. And while we are congratulating Deadwood, we would also congratulate Professor Strachan for having cast anchor in a town and county where the people are

so much of one mind; a community that has, with the help of the state, kept Eben W. Martin in congress for eight terms, a community that has been largely responsible for keeping Fayette L. Cook president of the Spearfish normal for twenty-seven years, a county that has four times made Miss Florence Glenn county superintendent of schools and one that if the constitutional limitation is removed will delight to keep her at the head of its school work as long as she may care to serve; yes, a community that has in various ways set many things to moving up the pathway of a better civilization.

(Later.—This article was first published in 1913. In 1915, Prof. Strachan resigned his position at Deadwood, to move to the coast.)



E. H. WILLEY

A PROFESSIONAL NEWSPAPER MAN

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now!"

The tree we have in mind is not the one that Morris referred to so feelingly in his poetical defiance to the woodman, but a large

maple standing directly south of the southwest corner of the old court yard in the city of Vermillion. It stands in the center of where the sidewalk should run, and it has "sheltered" so many youths that the city of Vermillion permitted the owner of the property to have the sidewalk built around it. This tree is one of the ornaments to the splendid premises and beautiful home of E. H. Willey, former editor of "The Dakota Republican," but more commonly spoken of as "The Vermillion Republican." Within the circumference of its "grateful shade" is his elegant modern home paid for out of a printer's profit. In addition to his home, editor Willey also built and paid for a substantial business establishment at Vermillion in which to house his plant.

Mr. Willey succeeded in the printer's profession (he objects to calling it a trade, for with him it always was a profession), because he loved his work. This world is big enough and there are enough things in it to do, so that no man ought to work at something he doesn't like. With editor Willey, his work was always a "labor of love." He reveled in it. With him there was no higher profession. His outranked all others. He saw the opportunity to mould public opinion rather than merely to reflect

it. His pencil was made of caustic, yet he always wrote with deliberation. If some fellow got "burnt," it was because he had meddled a little too much somewhere. Again, his editorials were always scholarly; and it is due him to say that "The Dakota Republican" has been quoted as much if not more by the leading dailies of the state, than any other weekly in South Dakota.

EDUCATED OUTSIDE OF SCHOOL

If there was ever a man lived of whom it can truthfully be said that he was educated in the universe instead of a university, that man is E. H. Willey. He was born May 30, 1846, near Waterville, Vermont; spent his boyhood on the farm; contracted inflammatory rheumatism at the age of nine, which left him a deformed cripple for life; never saw inside of a schoolroom, and at the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a printer to learn the newspaper trade. (It remained for himself to make it a profession.)

His parents and friends looked around for some suitable job for him. Some of them argued that in his crippled condition it would be best to apprentice him, as was done with General Conklin, of Clark, to a shoemaker, and make a cobbler of him. E. H. himself was afraid this might be done. Personally, he wanted to become a printer;

so he watched the newspapers for two years, looking for some one to advertise for an apprenticed "devil." One day the ad. appeared, and young Willey was soon on his way to Hyde Park, Vermont, where he was apprenticed, February 9, 1863, for three years on the "La Moille Newsdealer."

One shudders when he learns that the boy's salary was his board and $2.50 a month for the first year, with an increase of $15 per year for each of the next two years. But he stuck to it and applied himself well. Before the end of his apprenticeship, he was made foreman of the shop. He remained in this position, all told, for eight years.

Then he went to Randolph, Vermont, and during 1871-73, he published at that place the "Orange County Eagle." But the western fever got hold of him, so he went to Burlington, Kansas; worked for one year on the "Burlington Patriot," and then went north to Iowa, in which state he served for seven years on different papers. However, in 1881, he went to Maine and for six years he was employed in the office of the "Oxford Democrat" at Paris, in that state.

But the east did not suit him. He longed to go west again. So in 1887 he came to South Dakota, settled at Vermillion and went to work on the "Dakota Republican."

At the end of six months he bought the plant and became editor and publisher of the paper. During 1890-92, he had the Hon. Carl Gunderson for a partner. When Gunderson got into politics, he sold his interest back to Willey. The work was too heavy for one man, so in 1895 Mr. Willey took Mr. Danforth in as a permanent partner. The splendid work of these two partners on the Republican for the next fifteen years is so well known throughout the realm of newspaperdom that it needs no review here. The editorial page of the paper fairly glistened with sparks of life direct from the anvil of human thought.

RETIRES

After fifty years of such strenuous life (and newspaper work certainly is one of the most strenuous lives on earth) it is but natural that at the age of sixty-four, he should wish to retire, so he sold his interest in the plant, on October 1, 1910, to Mr. Mark E. Sloan.

When he retired, the newspaper fraternity—the pencil pushers—of the state showered upon him great wreaths of editorial bouquets that would almost have smothered the average individual. His successors collected these and published them in a twenty-four page souvenir pamphlet,

beautifully illustrated and elegantly bound. It contains editorial utterances from fifty-two papers. They are all so brotherly, so encouraging and so charmingly written that we regret our lack of space to reproduce them. They reflect as much credit upon the editors themselves as upon Mr. Willey.

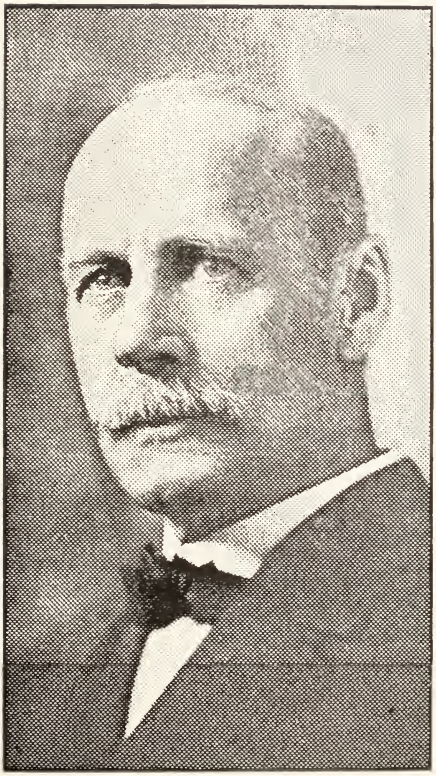
The new firm left his old type case at which he worked for twenty-five years, sitting near the window, and each day he still goes there and sets a few sticks of type—just to "keep his hand in." A man's heart never gets weaned away from a great life work. "A printer once, a printer always." Editor Willey is no exception. Occasionally some keen-eyed reader still thinks he can detect on the editorial page of the Republican a few "sparks" from the old pen that illumined it for so long. The new management is keeping the paper up to its former high standard, and it continues to be a power—not only locally but throughout the state.

PERSONAL

Mr. Willey was united in marriage, May 29, 1887, at Meemee, Wisconsin, to Miss Sue L. Danforth. She died in August, 1898. On September 5, 1899, he married Miss Susie A. Chaffee, of Waterville, Vermont. As was said of George Washington: "Providence rendered him childless."

Our distinguished friend is a K. P., and for ten years he has been a member of the local Baptist church at Vermillion. Editor Willey has always been square in his dealings; is highly respected not only at Vermillion, but throughout the state; has always boosted for his home city; has invariably refused political preferment for himself but has given staunch support to the other fellow; and as he approaches the sunset of life nothing more appropriate could be said of him than Longfellow's tribute to "The Village Smithy,"

"Something attempted, something done;
Has earned a night's repose."



THOMAS STERLING

A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

"Politics in this country has gotten to be one continuous performance," said

A. F. Allen, managing editor of the Sioux City Journal, to the writer, not long since. Yes, the "performance" is continuous, because the performers are so numerous and the occasions are so continuous.

One of the strong men of the state who got caught in the whirlpool of politics in his younger days, and kept on "playing the game" until he landed in the United States senate, is Dean Thomas Sterling of Redfield, now of Vermillion.

THE GAME OF LIFE

Ohio, in addition to being the "mother of presidents," is also the mother of many other prominent men. That state gave birth to Senator Sterling, February 21, 1851. He was, therefore, a lad of 14 when Lincoln's tragic death occurred. His father was Scotch-Irish, his mother German. It is from this mixture of bloods that many of our best citizens have been developed.

When "Tom" was four years of age, his parents removed with him to McLean county, Illinois, and settled on a farm near LeRoy. Here the boy grew to manhood, doing the heaviest kind of labor. His parents were poor and he received very little early schooling. Finally his latter teens were upon him. He yearned for an education. An old friend of the family told us recently that when he

started off to school at Illinois Wesleyan, his father took him to town on a load of brooms which they had made from broom corn raised on their own farm; sold it, spent the money for some books for the lad and gave him the balance of the cash—a little over a dollar. It was therefore up to him to make his own way through school. The room he secured did not have in it a single piece of furniture. It's only equipment was a small woodstove. He did his own cooking, sat on a box, used a box for a table and the floor for a bed. Out of these surroundings, seasoned with a sturdy determination, came forth the man who was afterwards to be a United States senator; and up from the same conditions, slightly improved, rose his distinguished brother, John A., who is today a member of congress from Illinois. It is not only a strange, but a commendable incident, that two brothers should be members at the same time of the two branches of the greatest legislative body on earth.

HIS LEGAL EXPERIENCES

Senator Sterling was admitted to the bar at Springfield, Ill., in 1878. During the years of 1880-81, he served as city attorney at Springfield. But in 1882, he came west and settled at Northville, Spink county, this state, where he took up the practice of his

profession. After a couple of years he moved to Redfield. He served as state's attorney for Spink county in 1886-87; was a member of the constitutional conventions of 1883 and 1889, and was the first state senator from Spink county. He was made chairman of the judiciary committee, and as such he rendered invaluable service to our young state which had just been admitted to the union.

STERLING IN ACTION

Senator Sterling was recognized as one of the leading members of the bar of the State long before he went to Vermillion to take charge of the law department there. Whenever an important case was on for trial in his county (Spink) he was usually found in the case on one side or the other.

One of the most important civil cases ever tried in Spink county was the case of Bopp vs. C. & N. W. Ry. Co. In this case Agnes Bopp brought suit for damages against the Railway Company for the death of her husband in an accident that occurred in a wreck between Aberdeen and Redfield. The deceased was a young man of rare attainments and drawing a good salary from the Cary Safe Co. At that time the amount of recovery for death by wrongful act was not limited by statute, and suit was brought

for $75,000 damages. The case was fiercely contested. Senator Sterling conducted the prosecution, but the defendant was ably represented by Senator Coe I. Crawford and A. W. Burtt of Huron with local attorneys at Redfield. The case occupied eight days in trial. In closing the case Senator Sterling made one of the most effective pleas ever heard in the Court room. The room was packed, and as Senator Sterling proceeded in his masterly argument the silence of the audience was impressive. At the conclusion of his argument an attorney from Wisconsin who was present in the Court room came forward and said with tears in his eyes, "Mr. Sterling, I have heard Spooner and I have heard Vilas, and I have heard some of the best arguments ever heard in the Courts of my State, but I have never heard a more effective plea than the one you have just delivered." The jury was out but a short time and returned a verdict of $30,000 in favor of the plaintiff. This was probably the largest verdict that was ever returned as damages for death by wrongful act in the State up to that time.

When Senator Sterling went to Vermillion his ability as a trial lawyer had preceded him and his assistance was eagerly sought in the more important cases that were

tried in Clay county. He assisted in the Clark murder case, and the Edmunds murder case and in other important litigation.

HIS CHARACTER

During those early days in Spink county, Mr. Sterling practiced law, handled real estate and loaned money for eastern parties. The hard times came on. Many of the loans made by him became valueless. Rather than see any of his clients suffer, Tom Sterling assumed responsibility for every poor loan and paid off every dollar of these obligations. It was the response of conscience and "sterling" manhood to a moral obligation—he was not obligated in the least under the law. These old loans kept his "nose on the grindstone" for years; but he paid them off and preserved his manhood. Nothing more concerning the character of Tom Sterling need be written.

SPINK COUNTY'S TOM TOM'S

In those eventful pioneer days in Spink county, there were two young lawyers, each named Tom, who were the direct anthitheses of each other—Tom Walsh and Tom Sterling. Walsh was a democrat; Sterling a republican. Each was a good lawyer, a good speaker and a good fellow. They had the opposing sides on practically every big law suit in Spink county. Despite their political

and professional rivalry, they always remained firm friends. Long years ago, Tom Walsh went to Montana. On March 4, 1913, they met each other at Washington, D. C.—Walsh as junior United States senator from the great state of Montana, and Sterling as junior senator from our own progressive young commonwealth. Again, after many years of separation, they meet on common ground, and vie with each other for supremacy.

BECOMES A TEACHER

A college of law was established at our state university in Vermillion in 1901. The regents of education looked around faithfully for a man of ripe scholarship, broad experience and exemplary manhood, to assume the deanship of this new law school. One man in the state seemed pre-eminently fitted for the task. That man was the sage of Redfield, Hon. Thomas Sterling. The position was tendered to him; he accepted it, and it is needless to say that he made good and surpassed the expectations of his most admiring friends. Sterling is one of those few lawyers in the state who take time to read the Bible and to keep up on the classics. He can quote more Shakespeare, offhand, than any other lawyer or politician in the state. His Sunday addresses to young men

reveal his own unimpeachable character, and they show the scope of his study and the trend of his intellect.

He remained at the head of the law school from October, 1901, till June, 1911, when he resigned to "play the game," on a large scale. During his deanship, a large number of capable and brainy young fellows had graduated under his instruction. Many of these are now practicing law throughout the state; some are state's attorneys, and a few are county judges. One of them, Royal C. Johnson, is at present attorney general of our state. (He has since been elected to congress). When their old professor plunged into politics for the United States senatorship, he had this array of alumni from his law school, as a natural organization throughout the state, on whom he could rely. They "put him over."

This was not the first time that he was a candidate for the United States senate. In 1901, when Kyle was elected, Sterling was also a candidate, and on one ballot, he lacked but five votes of winning. After his defeat, one of his friends who was a member of the "Kyle" legislature, stepped up to him and said, "Tom, I hope to have the privilege of voting for you for United States senator again some day when my vote will count."

That friend is a member today of our present legislature, from another county, and he voted for Tom Sterling for United States senator and his vote did count! This article will scarcely issue from press until he will have been sworn in as United States senator, and the ambition of a life time will have been realized. It pays to "play the game" good and hard, even if it does require a "continuous performance."

LATER—STERLING IN THE SENATE

At Fairbanks, Alaska, on July 4, 1915, in an address delivered by the Hon. James Wickersham, delegate to congress from Alaska, at the laying of the cornerstone of the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines, the speaker, in relating the serious and devious ways that a bill establishing this school had in its course through congress to a final and successful end, paid the following compliment to United States Senator Thomas Sterling, of our own state:

"As a boy in 1877 I entered an office in Springfield, Illinois, and took up the study of law. In an office nearby another young fellow, named Tom Sterling, was similarly engaged. We studied together and passed through the same general course which led to admission to the bar upon a successful examination before the supreme court of the

state. After admission we went west to grow up with the country, and it thus happened that when the opposition to my school bill seemed to doom it to defeat I turned to Hon. Thomas Sterling, U. S. Senator from South Dakota, for help. He was a prominent member of the senate committee on public lands, and at my request he introduced the bill in the senate in the same form that it was recommended for passage in the house. When the senate committee met to consider the bill I was present to explain its provisions and to urge its favorable report. Senator Smoot of Utah, a member of the committee, criticized me for taking up the time of the committee, when, as he declared, every one knew there was no possible chance to get the bill passed by the senate, even if it were favorably reported, before the 63rd congress must adjourn on the 4th day of March. I pleaded with him and the members of the committee to report it favorably anyway, since a favorable report would be of great assistance before the next session, even if we failed to pass it in this. Senator Smoot finally withdrew his objection and at 12 o'clock, noon, just as the senate was convening in regular session the committee voted to report it favorably and instructed Senator Sterling to make the report and take

charge of the bill. Five minutes later Senator Sterling stood on the floor of the senate with the very short but favorable report in his hand. It often happens that the machinery of legislation does not move promptly on the opening of the morning hour, and it so happened now. Instantly Senator Sterling asked leave to report the bill and thereupon moved that the rules be suspended and the bill passed, and when Senator Smoot came in a moment later he was surprised to find what he had declared to be impossible in that congress, was done—our bill had passed the senate and was on its way to the house for passage. But for the happy accident, and Senator Sterling's square chin, the bill might not have passed before another congress."

A. E. HITCHCOCK

A DEMOCRAT IN ACTION

The human intellect turns instinctively toward things in action. Age does not alter the principle. A child will throw aside a valuable plaything that is motionless and cling intuitively to a cheap toy that is filled with action, while an old man will enthuse

far more over a horse race than he will over a fine painting of a horse, done by a high grade artist.

The same principle governs literature. The writers that are read most nowadays are those, who, at the very outset, plunge their leading characters into rapid, vital, irresistable action. The earliest writer of any note in history—Moses—did the same thing; for, in the Pentateuch, he plunged his divine character, God, into immediate, vital action. His opening sentence reads, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

The early writers of the nineteenth century forsook this principle, and today they are little read. Scott, in "Ivanhoe," starts out with an elaborate introduction as to time and place. Cooper, in all five of his "Leather Stocking Tales," does likewise. So also with Hawthorne. In his "House of Seven Gables," as well as in all of his other standard novels, he indulges himself in long, verbose, labored introductions. One soon tires of them.

Note the change during the past ten or twenty years; novels are no longer written to stimulate human curiosity but to gratify it. Modern writers, like good old Moses, place their leading characters on the literary stage at the very outset and cause them

to start some tragic action. Churchill, in "The Crisis," puts Eliphalet Hooper on the stage of action in the opening sentence. Partridge in "Passers By" brings forward the acting parties (Christine and Ambrose—although not by name) in the second sentence. While Jacques Futrelle, the eminent young French novelist who met tragic death on the ill-fated Titanic, in his last novel, entitled "My Lady's Garter," published since his death at the instigation of his mournful wife, starts the dance, permits the Countess of Salisbury's garter to come loose and fall to the floor, causes her partner, King Edward III, to pick it up, and thus starts off in dead earnest his great social drama—all in the first paragraph.

In our long series of "Who's Who" articles, we have purposely indulged ourselves in both forms of introduction, so as to avoid monotony.

CREPT THROUGH A SEWER MAIN

Now, here we have a democrat to get into action. (A very easy thing to do since March 4, 1913.) Not an imaginary democrat that is presumed to have lived before the days of the mighty Grover, but a real live one—in fact the only democratic office holder, until a few days since, for many years in South Dakota—not fiction, but fact. And

the action? Why! it was premediated, painstaking and vital, with an end in view. So here he goes! Crawling on his hands and knees through a storm sewer, from one catch basin to another—a distance of 375 feet.

"A fugitive from justice!" you exclaim, with gasping breath, without waiting for the particulars, "or else an escaping convict" (and a democrat at that).

Never mind; he's neither one. It was merely the Honorable Abner E. Hitchcock, mayor of the city of Mitchell, making as the soldier would say, "a tour of inspection."

"This is getting him into suspicious action, and mighty suddenly at that!" suggests the literary critic. That's right in a measure, for Mayor Hitchcock is decidedly a man of action—one that does things while other people sleep. Here is the explanation: The city of Mitchell had voted $50,000 in bonds for the construction of a storm sewer. Hitchcock was mayor. It was his business to see to it that the city did not get the worst of the deal. The sewer was finished and the contractors awaited its acceptance by the city authorities. Mayor Hitchcock, therefore, entered a catch basin at a street corner, crept through the sewer main to the next catch basin, a block away, came up—with a stiff neck and aching shoulders that laid him up

for a few days; but he had discovered a flaw in the sewer—one that had it not been fixed before the sewer was used would have caused much annoyance and the possible taking up of the entire mains in that block. It was immediately remedied by the contractor who was entirely ignorant of the fact that the defect existed, and the city promptly accepted the job.

We have mentioned this incident for but one single purpose—to show the painstaking character of Abner E. Hitchcock, the thoroughness of the man and the careful manner in which he discharges his public duty, regardless of the consequences to himself.

Almost his first act as mayor of Mitchell, after he was elected in 1908 was to list up and publish in the "Mitchell Daily Republican," for the benefit and information of the people of the city, an itemized list of all the city's resources, including cash on hand, waterworks, buildings, lots, parks, etc., and a corresponding list of the city's liabilities, including open debts, outstanding warrants, unmatured bonds, etc. It was an eye-opener to the citizens, as well as to the mayor, and it showed all concerned just where they were at.

He was elected mayor of Mitchell by the largest majority of any man who has ever

held the office. In 1910 he was re-elected without opposition; and in 1912, he refused to become a candidate to succeed himself. But the good people of Mitchell absolutely refused to accept his declination. They nominated him by petition against his own will and unanimously re-elected him again for two years longer. He was re-elected again in 1914. The public likes a fellow who will not neglect their interests when he has been entrusted with power—one who will get down onto a level with them, and who will, if necessary, go underground (into a sewer) to see that they get a square deal.

UP'S AND DOWN'S OF LIFE

Mayor Hitchcock was born at North Bergen, Geneseo county, New York, October 29, 1853. He is therefore, as the broguish easterner would say, a "New Yowkah" by birth and a South Dakotan through migration.

He remained on the farm with his parents and attended rural school during the winter months until he was ten years of age. However, about the time that Abe Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, Mr. Hitchcock's parents moved west and settled at Maquoketa, in Jackson county, Iowa. Here he had for boyhood playmates such lads as Congressman Eben W. Martin of our

own state and Professor H. E. French of Elk Point.

After five years at Maquoketa, the family, in 1868, moved to Jones county, Iowa, and settled at Anamosa, a picturesque little city snuggled silently away between the rugged hills that skirt the Wapsifinigan river valley. Here the boy attended public school, and for three years conducted a bake-shop. He had learned the bakery business while at Maquoketa.

At nineteen years of age he began teaching. His first school was in a rural district two miles out of Anamosa. He walked to and from school and worked in a bakery at night. Out of this combined toil he managed to save $90 during the year.

It was now 1873; he was twenty years of age. After buying himself a new suit and some minor necessities, he had $55 left. With this he struck out for the Iowa State Agricultural college at Ames, to secure a college education. He worked his way through by teaching and by doing manual labor, and he graduated with honor as an A. B. with the class of 1876. During the years of 1877-1879, he was principal of graded schools in an Iowa village, and he instructed in teachers' institutes during the summer months. In the summer of 1879, Mr. Hitchcock and

another professional teacher were opposing applicants for superintendent of the Mason City schools—the best school position in northern Iowa. For two months the board of education met repeatedly and balloted for a superintendent. Each time the vote stood a tie. However, one member of the board was a relative of Mr. Hitchcock's opponent. This member finally, through some secret maneuvering, got one of Hitchcock's supporters to change his vote.

Hitchcock lost; but it was the making of him. From early boyhood he had entertained ambitions to become a lawyer. Had he gained the superintendency at Mason City, and have realized his immediate earning power in school work, he would, in all probability, have gotten side-tracked from his original intention and have followed an educational career. So, after his defeat, he promptly enrolled in the law department of the state university at Iowa City and took his law course. At that time it consisted of but one year above the regular college course. He graduated the next summer (1880), taking his LL. B. degree.

Immediately after the completion of his law course, he started west to look for a location in which to practice law. His first stop was at Sioux City. From there he came

on to Mitchell, South Dakota, arriving on September 29, 1880. This latter field seemed ripe with opportunities, so he settled at Mitchell, stuck out his shingle, entered upon a new profession, succeeded in his undertakings; and today he is well-to-do and has developed into one of the ablest constitutional lawyers in the state. He has a high grade of cases; and since statehood the supreme court records show that he has had his share of cases every term, before that honorable body.

MARRIAGE

After practicing law for two years at Mitchell, he had prospered so well that he slipped back down to Iowa and was married on June 20, 1882, to an Iowa schoolma-am. Mrs. Hitchcock is a talented, refined, dignified lady. She enters freely into the literary culture of her home city, and she adds dignity and power to several of Mitchell's women's clubs. During their long years of happy wedded life, only one tiny babe has come over their threshold, and it crept out again as silently as it had entered, leaving naught but vacant halls, saddened hearts and sacred memories.

Only a baby's grave,
Sodded and bowered and cold.
Yet down in its depths—its silent depths,
Lies a treasure in its mould.

IN POLITICS

"Some men are born (leaders), some achieve (leadership), others have (leadership) thrust upon them." Mayor Hitchcock represents all three classes. In 1890 he was elected state's attorney for Davison county. He only served one term. The reason for it was he made it so hot as a public prosecutor for the early-day saloon-keepers of Mitchell who were openly, wilfully and constantly violating the law, that they simply went after him hard at the end of his first term, and as is expressed in modern political slang, "Got his goat." He was also city attorney for Mitchell, 1886-1892.

In national politics, Mr. Hitchcock was a staunch republican until 1896. During the free-silver campaign of that year he went over voluntarily to the democrats, and he has ever since remained a consistent and leading member of that organization. In fact, until the Honorable James Coffey was appointed internal revenue collector for the two Dakotas, a few days since, to succeed the Honorable Willis C. Cook (republican), Mr. Hitchcock was the only democratic office holder in South Dakota; and he would not have had an office if it had not been for two things: first the state law specifically provides that the governor, in selecting the five

regents of education must appoint one from the minority party; second, Mitchell accidentally developed two republican candidates in 1909 for an appointment at the hands of the Vessey administration, to a position on the board of regents. Governor Vessey solved the problem by rejecting both applicants and giving his minority party appointment to Mr. Hitchcock of the same city. This gave him an office by appointment; otherwise, there would not have been a single state position in South Dakota held by a democrat. And Governor Vessey selected wisely, too. If he had raked the state with a fine-toothed comb he could not have found a better man for the position. From 1891 to 1893, Mr. Hitchcock had served as a trustee of Brookings college, under the old system when each school had its own separate board, and he thoroughly understood the needs of our state schools. Also from 1905 to 1909 he was a trustee of Dakota Wesleyan university. After becoming a regent of education he resigned this latter position. In addition he was a member of the Mitchell board of education, 1894-96.

In 1900 Mr. Hitchcock was the nominee of his party for attorney general of the state, but during the general republican victory of that year he lost. Again in 1912,

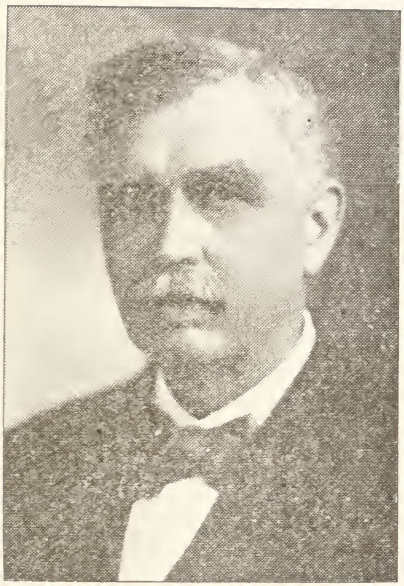
he was urgently requested by the leading members of his party to become a candidate for governor, for United States senator and for the supreme court. He declined all three.

OTHER RELATIONSHIPS

Mayor Hitchcock is a thirty-third degree Mason. In his younger days he was very active in Masonic circles, having held the principal offices in the Master Mason's lodge, the Commandery and the Grand Lodge of the state. His church affiliation is with the Congregationalists.

Since 1896, the tenor of his whole career has been based upon the principle of duty to perform some valuable service to the community in which he has lived, so that when he departs therefrom his surviving acquaintances might be made at least a trifle better because of his life of service.

Mayor Hitchcock is a man of fixed conscience and deep convictions—one who has controlled his circumstances instead of yielding to them. He never liked criminal law practice; consequently he shunned it and confined himself to civil cases. He is straightforward in his dealings, and although he sometimes firmly opposes the undertakings of other men, yet none who know him ever doubt the sincerity of his purpose.



J. W. HESTON

A PRACTICAL EDUCATOR

In 1897 the State Educational association was held at Redfield. The committee on program had arranged for a sort of educational debate, without having notified the debaters. This oversight was accidental, but it developed an embarrassing situation.

Dr. John W. Heston, at that time presi-

dent of our state college at Brookings, had come to the state the year previous. He was given a place on the program at Redfield and assigned this subject, "The Bread and Butter Theory of Education." Pitted against him—unknowingly to both parties—was the lamented Dean C. M. Young, of our state university at Vermillion. Young was given this subject, "The Psychology of Education."

Here were two mental giants in the educational thought of the state, matched against each other on two sides of the same subject, to appear on the same platform on the same evening. Each one had prepared his address without any knowledge of the situation under which it was to be delivered.

Young had the theoretical or scholastic side of the argument—one that called upon him to analyze the human mind, show its processes in the development of thought, the part education plays in that development and the necessity for such an education. Heston had the "dinner pail" or popular side of it—the development of the hand as well as the head through vocational training.

Dean Young opened the discussion. He delivered one of his characteristic scholarly addresses. It was superbly grand; but he was at a disadvantage, because he had the unpopular side of the question. Dr. Heston

followed. He sounded the keynote to the new order of things in the educational world —industrial training, scientific agriculture, etc. Of course he had a big advantage because he had the popular side of the discussion.

Upon opening his address, Dr. Heston called the attention of the audience to the fact that he knew nothing about the preparation of Dean Young's speech, but it would become evident to all that the two addresses were vitally opposed to each other. It was a situation similar to the one developed at Mitchell last fall, when Regent Hitchcock and Dr. G. W. Nash inadvertently followed each other on the program of the association, in set speeches, each taking diametrically opposed views of the proposition to consolidate our state schools, thus forcing Dr. Nash to announce at the outset, when he arose to succeed Regent Hitchcock on the floor, it would soon become evident to the audience that he and Mr. Hitchcock had not compared notes, and the evidence was soon forthcoming.

However, Dr. Heston's speech at Redfield became the subject of much discussion throughout the state. He made a bitter attack on the whole educational system of the state, showing that the whole scheme was

to head students toward some university, and he argued for the very change that has since come about—the preparation of the high school boy for life instead of for college.

HIS TRAINING

Heston's training had of course been along the line of his argument. He was born at Bellefonte, Pa., in 1854; was educated in the normal schools of Pennsylvania, and in 1879 was graduated from the Pennsylvania state college, taking his A. B. degree. Two years later, his alma mater granted to him his Master's degree.

Then he began to teach in this same institution, and stayed by his job for twelve consecutive years. This is out of the ordinary. Usually a man has to seek employment elsewhere. Last year Dr. Kerfoot of Mitchell, was called to the presidency of Hamline, his alma mater at St. Paul. President Woodrow Wilson was called to the presidency of Princeton university, the same school that graduated him, and after many years of continuous and successful service, stepped into the governor's chair of his home state, and then was called to the presidency of the nation. But these recognitions by colleges of their own students are not numerous; in fact, they are rare exceptions. Cor-

relatively, we might state that Dr. Heston has been repeatedly urged to give up educational work in this state and to enter the political arena.

The western fever finally got hold of him, and he moved to Seattle, Wash., and engaged in public school work at that place for over three years. You can't keep a good man down. Heston was aggressive and progressive. He soon found recognition in the educational councils of his new state, with the result that he was called to the presidency of the Washington state agricultural college.

Two years at the head of this school brought him up to 1893. He was now 40 years of age. Ambition overwhelmed him. He wanted to get rich. Other professions seemed to offer great financial inducements. He had previously been admitted to the Pennsylvania bar. So in 1894 he withdrew from school work to take up the practice of law. He failed. God intended every man to do a certain thing in life. It is only in the discharge of that specific duty that one can properly succeed. Professor Hobson was first a plumber, then a soldier and then a musician. He finally found his field, put into use the talents God had given him, and won!

Just so with Heston; he was not intended for a lawyer, and as he himself once said, "I nearly starved to death at it."

CALLED TO DAKOTA

A new educational opening thrust itself in his pathway. There was a genuine row on at our state college at Brookings. Heston was called to the presidency. He is a good "mixer" and in six months he had acquired a state-wide acquaintance with the result that the attendance at Brookings shot skyward.

Several years passed by. Finally, when a few of the old members of Heston's faculty revived the old political agitation, he demanded some changes. These the Board were not in position to give, and hence a change in the Presidency followed as the only course. A year later, Dr. Heston was tendered his present position as head of the Madison State Normal faculty which place he has held now for over twelve years.

OTHER RELATIONSHIPS

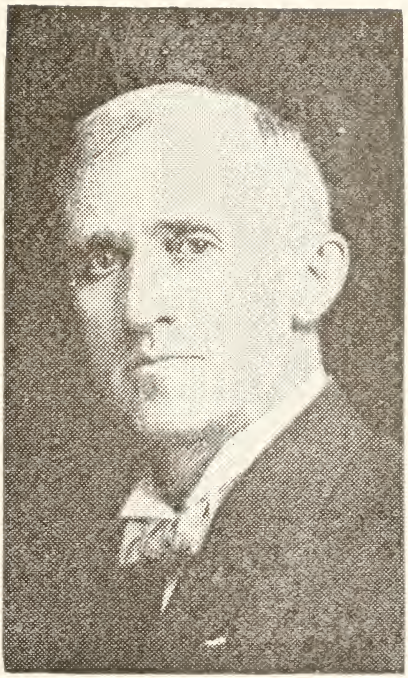
The university at Seattle conferred upon him his Ph. D. degree, and later his LL. D. In 1902, he served as president of the South Dakota State Educational association. He is a member of the National Educational association, of the American Association of Sciences, the Knights of Pythias,

the Baptist church, the Masons and the Eastern Star.

Dr. Heston was married in 1881 to Miss Mary E. Colder, daughter of President James Colder of the Pennsylvania Agricultural college. Two children bless their home life. Charles, who is married and lives at Rochester, N. Y., is connected with the Carlson Telephone company, the largest manufacturers of electric supplies in the United States. He is an electrical engineer, and for eight years he was connected with the war department and supervised the wiring of their submarine mines, of their ports, etc., serving two years for them at similar labor in the city of Manila, P. I. He is a graduate of the university of Wisconsin. The other son, Edward, is a graduate of the Northwestern University Medical school, and he is now chief surgeon in a large hospital in the state of Washington.

President Heston is big-hearted, easy of approach, democratic in his tendencies and universally liked. He is "long suffering and kind," well preserved for a man of his age, a hard worker, a faithful servant of the state; strong in his likes and dislikes, courageous in the discharge of his duty, and a typical man among men.

(Later.—Mrs. Heston died October 9th, 1915, and was buried at Madison.)



C. L. DOTSON

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

Charles Lewis Dotson, proprietor of the "Sioux Falls Daily Press," has developed one of the most essential elements of success

in life—an organized will. His mind is analytical in the extreme. He reasons with the precision of a machine. When he has reached a conclusion he is as unyielding as the sphinx on the Sahara. Stubborn! No; merely determined. Stubbornness is the child of ignorance; determination is will power intelligently directed. It is this element in Dotson's makeup that drives him forward to certain victory. It is the same thing that caused Columbus to—

"Sail on, sail on, sail on and on"

until he discovered a new world; kept Grant with his face turned toward Richmond until Lee handed him his sword at Appomattox; and put Bob La Follette in the United States senate.

Mr. Dotson came from long-lived stock. His mother died at the ripe age of 76; and his father, now at the extreme age of 93, lives in Iowa, and apparently enjoys the best of health. Last year he gave back to Charles the gold-headed cane which the latter and his brother had given to the old gentleman twenty-five years before, saying that he did not need it. He still reads without glasses and appears quite as young as a man of 30.

The elder Dotson was raised in Tennessee. In his young manhood, he drifted northward into Illinois. Here he met and

married C. L.'s mother, who was a South Carolinian by birth. In 1848, the young couple migrated to Iowa and settled in Jasper county, where our subject was born in 1859.

Charles secured his early education in the rural schools. Later he attended the Christian college at Oskaloosa, Iowa, and finally completed his training at a business college in Chicago. Then he went back to Jasper county and taught a rural school for two years.

However, on December 31, 1882, at Ira, Iowa, he was united in marriage to Miss Fernanda Baker, who was born and reared in Jasper county, and who was also educated in the Oskaloosa college. It is therefore, safe to presume that during C. L.'s scholastic training, he kept both eyes wide open and did more than merely study and recite. They are the parents of five promising children. After his marriage, Mr. Dotson went back to the old farm where he remained one year. Then he engaged in the hardware business for two years. He then sold out and traveled for eighteen months for a wholesale hardware establishment.

NEWSPAPER EXPERIENCE

Mr. Dotson began his newspaper experience at 15 years of age as a country cor-

respondent under the nom de plume of "Bob White" for several weekly papers. His pithy sayings and breezy news notes soon brought him into prominence and he became the live correspondent for a number of state papers.

After his experience on the road as a hardware salesman, he removed to Des Moines and became identified with the "Des Moines Daily News." Later he transferred his services to the "Iowa State Register." He acted as their local advertising manager for seven years. When the Spanish-American war broke out, he became business manager for the "Des Moines Daily Capital," Hon. Lafe Young's paper. This position he held for two years, after which he went back to the Des Moines Register for four years.

It will at once be seen that he had been acquiring a varied experience, as a writer, an advertising solicitor and as a business manager, which was equipping him most splendidly to launch into the newspaper business for himself. He had also lived frugally and had accumulated a small purse. So in 1901, he came to South Dakota—the land of promise, and of increasing opportunities—and bought a half interest in the "Sioux Falls Daily Press," from W. S. Bowen, now editor of the "Daily Huronite."

Six years later (September, 1907), W.

C. Cook, at that time chairman of the republican state central committee, bought Bowen's half interest in the Press, and he and Dotson became allied in its publication. Mr. Cook was too busy with political matters and with private business affairs to give much attention to the paper, so he employed W. R. Ronald, who had until then been managing editor of the "Sioux City Tribune," to edit the paper for him.

However, on March 30, 1910, Mr. Dotson bought Mr. Cook's half interest in the Press, paying to him for it four and one-half times as much as Cook paid Bowen for it seven years before. Meanwhile Mr. Ronald had resigned as editor, to go to Mitchell where he bought and still publishes the "Daily Republican." He was succeeded by A. E. Beaumont, who resigned in December, 1911, to become identified with the Sioux City Tribune. This left the Press with no editor, and so Mr. Dotson's son, Carrol B., was pressed into service. He is still editing the paper, while another son, Russell, is acting as associate city editor. The youngest son is now in the high school. After graduation, he, too, expects to become identified with the Press. In addition, Mr. Dotson's son-in-law, Mr. H. F. Harris, is, and has been for seven years, the Press's

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local advertising manager. It will, therefore, be seen that the Sioux Falls Press, under its present management, is largely a family affair.

When Mr. Dotson bought a half interest in the Press in 1901, the paper was issuing two editions—the daily and the weekly. In 1902, he changed the weekly to the "South Dakota Farmer," but continued to publish it weekly, making it the only weekly farm paper in the state. Again, it is the only farm paper in the state owned exclusively by a South Dakota man.

POLITICS AND THE PLATFORM

In politics Mr. Dotson has been a lifelong republican. He conducts the Press as an independent republican newspaper. For the past six years that faction of the republican party which he has supported has been in control of the state's affairs. Last March, Governor Byrne appointed him a member of the board of charities and corrections, and when the board met to organize he was elected as its president.

Mr. Dotson is also at home on the platform. He is one of the easiest and most entertaining speakers in the state, and is in constant demand at banquets and before the students of our state schools.

As a citizen he is also active in civic

affairs. He served for three years as president of the Sioux Falls Commercial club. It was through his individual efforts that Sioux Falls got her present street railway. Mr. Dotson knew the owner of the company that built it, Mr. F. M. Mills, in Des Moines. He persuaded him to come to Sioux Falls. The investment proved a success, and today Sioux Falls has one of the best electric lines of any city of similar size in the country.

Eleven years ago when C. L. Dotson came to South Dakota, he was a stranger here. His identification with the Sioux Falls Daily Press—one of the two big family newspapers of the state—at once brought him into prominence and gave him a statewide acquaintance—an acquaintance, by the way, that has worn well, one that has sunk deeper and grown broader with the successive years, until today it encircles the state. We are glad to have him with us.

(Later—Between the publication of this article and its reproduction in this book, the elder Mr. Dotson passed to his reward.)

C. C. CARPENTER

Two boys were attending public school in adjoining rooms in the city of Watertown, this state, in the early 90's. Their home environments were different and their impulses were the direct antitheses of each other. One's sixth special sense (spiritual) had been cast by Providence in a major key; the other's, in a minor.

Twenty years elapsed; the two boys have now become grown men. A few months since, they faced each other at the bar of justice—the boy, whose impulses were upward, was sitting on the bench as a circuit judge, while his schoolmate, whose impulses were downward, now stood before him as a criminal, awaiting sentence to the penitentiary.

This scene was enacted in the court room at Webster. The criminal had been convicted of carrying dynamite. The maximum statutory penalty for this offense is eight years. When asked if he had anything to say why the maximum penalty should not be given him, the criminal stepped forward, laid his head on his hands on the jurist's bench and with the tears streaming down his face, said: "Judge, don't send me to the penitentiary; it would break my old parents' hearts. You knew me as a boy at Watertown; have pity on me. Give me a chance; I'll do better."

The judge was deeply moved. After a moment's reflection, he said: "Yes; we were schoolmates, and I am sorry for you. I will, therefore, give you only six months in jail and not send you to the penitentiary. During your confinement in jail, I will look for a good job for you; and I want you to

promise me that when you get out you will be a man."

"I will; God witness it!" said the penitent wretch.

But, the judge! Ah! yes; the judge. How our suspense grows! We are almost tempted to jump over a few lines so that our eyes may more quickly catch his name—Cyrus Clay Carpenter, of the twelfth circuit who, upon request, was temporarily occupying Judge McNulty's bench in the fifth. And the criminal? We have said enough. The Day county records bear his name.

PREPARATION FOR LIFE

Judge Carpenter was born January 13, 1878, at Ft. Dodge, Iowa—that grand old town with which we all instinctively link the name of Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver. He has never been terrorized by reason of the date of his birth—the 13th. Just what his parents may have thought about it, is another proposition. His marriage—well, let's wait and see.

He attended public school at Ft. Dodge, 1884-87. Then his parents removed with him to Watertown, South Dakota, at which place he also attended public school, having for one of his teachers the Hon. Doane Robinson's sister. She is a grand woman. Recently, at Pierre, when she heard that her

old school boy, now a stern judge on the bench, was in the city, she sent for him to come to see her. Their meeting was very cordial and reminiscent.

Cyrus finally completed the grammar grades at Watertown. About that time his parents moved back to Ft. Dodge, and young Carpenter was sent to Cornell college at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, to complete his education. He stuck to it most faithfully for six years.

FIRST CASE IN COURT

In 1898, before he had completed his college course, Cyrus got lonesome to return to his boyhood haunts at Watertown, or he may have gotten a presentiment that he should return; at least his parents could no longer restrain him, so they advanced the money and our typical young westerner set out for his destination.

It so happened that during his boyhood days at Watertown, the friendship of a girl schoolmate had entered into his life. When the young Cornell student arrived at Watertown, he found that this charming lady was soon to become the bride of another man; in fact, her wedding gown was already prepared.

Cyrus Clay Carpenter's fate was hanging in the balance. He sought an interview with her; pleaded his first case in "court;"

won it! and the young couple—he under age and she but a few days over—made a "flying" trip through Iowa, to Janesville, Wisconsin, where a license was secured and the "Carpenter boy" from Cornell and Miss Katherine Flint, of Watertown, became husband and wife. Fate said right then and there: "This lad has made good in 'court,' I will make of him a jurist." And Fate made good its own pledge.

BECOMING A JUDGE

The happy young couple, after their romance, came back to Watertown where Mr. Carpenter accepted a position as a clerk in a drug store. So well did he apply himself that he was soon able to pass the examination and become a registered pharmacist. Later, he bought a drug business of his own. However, in 1905, he sold out and went to the University of Minnesota where he took his law course. In October, 1907, he passed his bar examination, and immediately thereafter, he and Frank McNulty formed a partnership at Sisseton for the practice of law. It sounds like fiction to say that inside of four years each of these two young attorneys found their way to the circuit bench.

At the end of the first year of their partnership, Attorney Carpenter was ap-

pointed register of the land office at Lemmon. He accepted the position. Its location threw him into a new field. So when the twelfth judicial circuit, comprising a number of newly organized counties in the northwest part of the state, was formed, Governor Vessey appointed Mr. Carpenter to the bench. The appointment came unsolicited; he accepted; Fate had won!

His work on the bench as a jurist soon attracted wide and favorable attention. The attorneys in his circuit are unstinted in their laudations of his fairness and capabilities, while the newspapers continually sound paeans of praise in his honor.

As a student of criminology, the judge belongs exclusively as well as inclusively to the new school of thought—that is, to the reformation of the criminal instead of merely to his punishment. "Some men are born (criminals), some achieve (crime) and others have (criminality) thrust upon them." We beg leave to digress long enough to suggest that if the legislature were to enact a law authorizing the paroling of all convicts in our state penitentiary, except life termers, on the basis of attaining their freedom, if they remained harmless during their entire pardon, and if they did not, that they would not only have to undergo imprison-

ment for the unexpired portions of their terms, but would, in addition thereto, have to serve their original sentences all over again, that not to exceed one per cent of them would ever go wrong. The theorist says, "A lot of them are born criminals and they are serving their second or third terms now." Very well; the trouble is here; we need a board of employment whose business it shall be to see that good, remunerative, suitable employment is found for each dismissed convict before he leaves the prison doors, and not thrust him out into a cruel, competitive world to make a living sewing buttons onto shirts when there is no other shirt factory within a thousand miles, and when it is a woman's job at best. Yes; we have something yet to learn, and Judge Carpenter is on the right track.

MILITARY AND PERSONAL

While Judge Carpenter was in the drug business at Watertown, he was appointed adjutant of the old first regiment, S. D. S. G., which position he occupied for two years. Then he was promoted to major of a squadron of cavalry. He served in this position for three years, but gave it up when he entered law school. Clay makes an ideal military officer. He is happy but firm, and he possesses that uncommon kind of common

sense which makes it possible for him to handle all kinds of men without friction.

The home life of Judge and Mrs. Carpenter has been blessed by the presence of Cyrus, Jr., by Lee, and by two of the sweetest twin girls that ever entered life. Their names are Doris and Dorothy.

The judge has an exceptionally pleasing personality. He makes friends readily; and he is so democratic in his habits and yet so cultured in manner that all who know him love him. He is an A-1 "mixer" and we shall look for his rapid rise to a position of even greater prominence and power within the next few years.

(Later.—Owing to the meager salary paid by this state to its circuit judges, Judge Carpenter has resigned his position on the bench and returned to private law practice.)

HARRY M. GAGE

NEW PRESIDENT HURON COLLEGE

Amid impressive and scholarly ceremonies, Professor Harry M. Gage, successor to Dr. Calvin H. French, was recently inaugurated president of Huron college. It was a grand affair. The oath was administered by Hon. E. L. Abel, lieutenant-governor of South Dakota and president of

the board of trustees of the school. The state schools were represented by Dr. Robert L. Slagle, president of our state college, at Brookings, while the denominational schools of the state were represented by Dr. William Grant Seaman, president of Dakota Wesleyan university, at Mitchell. There were also other dignitaries throughout the state and several more of national repute, representing various phases of school work, who appeared on the program.

President Gage's inaugural address was practical instead of theoretical. It dealt wholly with South Dakota conditions.

He was born in Ohio, thirty-three years ago. His father was a Presbyterian home missionary who came west in 1865 with Sheldon Jackson, a pioneer who attained some fame by introducing reindeer in Alaska.

While the lad was a small boy his parents came to Minnesota. Later, they went to La Crosse, Wisconsin, where the father became local pastor and where the boy got his early education. Then he attended school at Grinnell college academy, graduating with the class of 1896. From there he went to Wooster University (Ohio), and graduated with honors (cum laude) in 1900.

While attending the academy, and dur-

ing the early part of his college course, he helped to defray his expenses by working on a farm. Two summers were spent selling maps in Iowa and in Illinois. In February, before his college graduation, he decided to lead a business life; so he made a contract with the United States Building and Loan company, of Akron, Ohio, to work for them for one year. However, in August of the same year (1900), he received from President French a telegraphic offer to come to Huron college to teach Greek. He accepted it; resigned his position with the Akron firm, and thus changed his whole career.

At the end of his first year at Huron, he was given the chair of philosophy. From his arrival, he had taken a leading part in developing a college spirit throughout the state. He not only did his regular class work, but he spoke from the pulpits of the leading churches of the state. The strength of his thought, the compactness of his discourse, his wide range of knowledge and the ease of his delivery attracted wide and favorable comment everywhere, with the result that he was soon called upon to fill several lecture course engagements.

During his three years at Huron, he also spent much time in helping to raise money to meet the school's current expenses. In ad-

dition thereto, he spent his summer months doing graduate work in psychology and education at the University of Chicago.

However, in 1903, Professor Gage resigned his position in Huron college, to become Columbia University Fellow in Philosophy, receiving $650 per year for his work. He studied in New York two years, specializing in philosophy, psychology and education. Then, he was appointed assistant in philosophy at Columbia, but resigned a little later to accept the Armstrong professorship of philosophy in Parsons college, Fairfield, Iowa. Here, for four years, he devoted his time exclusively to class room work, giving up his summer vacations to study in the teachers' college, Columbia university. One of these summers was, however, given to Chautauqua work on the lecture platform.

Dr. Gage was appointed dean of the faculty of Parsons college in 1909, and for three years he did administrative work. This fortunate experience was preparing him unconsciously for the presidency of Huron college. While in this position he spoke a great deal in Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, under direction of the committee on speakers of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, on problems of religion in rural communities and on mental hygiene.

But, in 1912, he accepted his second call to Huron college, this time being made dean of the faculty and professor of philosophy and education. He gave his time wholly to class room instruction, and to developing the purely educational work of the college. As president he will continue this same line of work.

Only thirty-three years of age! Think of it! President of one of the largest denominational schools in the west. Here was wisdom on the part of the board. It pays to "break in" a young man for such positions—one who is virile and effective—one filled with hope, ambition, and a determination to achieve.

When the vacancy occurred in the presidency of Huron college, through the resignation of President French, the faculty at once became an inseparable unit in their request that Dr. Gage be made president of the institution and it was done. May the future justify the act!

Following are a few extracts from his charming inaugural address:

"Finally, we have been reminded many times that one who studies law to help him succeed in life will never succeed in the law. Aristotle said, 'I succeed because I do freely and without compulsion what others do from

fear of the law.' So the ethical aim of education from the intellectual point of view is freedom. The free man as a student wishes Truth and does not follow selfish preferences. The difference between the selfish and the unselfish man is this: the selfish man does not wish any work to succeed unless he is chairman of the committee that has it in charge. The unselfish man does not even care to be a member of the committee, but he does want the work to succeed. In the same manner, the unselfish student yearns for the final reign of Truth, regardless of personal gains. The boy who in college has learned an unselfish regard for Truth can not become a charlatan. In the practice of medicine he is not a quack; in law he is not tricky; in business he never misrepresents; and, if he turns to invention and discovery, he never publishes his results falsely or prematurely and never advertises his inventions untruthfully either for the sake of fame or fortune.

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Ethically we desire students who care for Truth regardless of consequences. Professor Carl E. Seashore says in an article in The Iowa Alumnus, March, 1909, 'If the investigator who gave Marconi the principles of wireless telegraphy, had aimed directly at the saving of ships at sea,

he would probably have failed; but he devoted himself to the mastery of an abstract principle and laid a large foundation.'

"In my zeal for an unselfish love of Truth I have not forgotten that liberal education does and ought to fit a man to do something and to do it well. But let it be thoroughly understood that the best and practically the only good work is done by men who are completely absorbed in the objective ends of Truth, men whose minds are unhampered by utilitarian considerations. The realization of the practical aim of education is assured only by intellectual honesty which is the guarantee of human progress. The most unselfish and serviceable or, if you please, the most successful men in the world are the ones who have made a conquest of Truth before attempting to revise or formulate the rules of practice. These men, forgetting self and seized by an absorbing passion for the concrete expression of Truth, are able to throw themselves with a glad abandon into the work of life. They have seen the Truth and the Truth has made them free—free from the selfish falsifications by which the charlatan, the quack, and the demagogue would enslave the human race."

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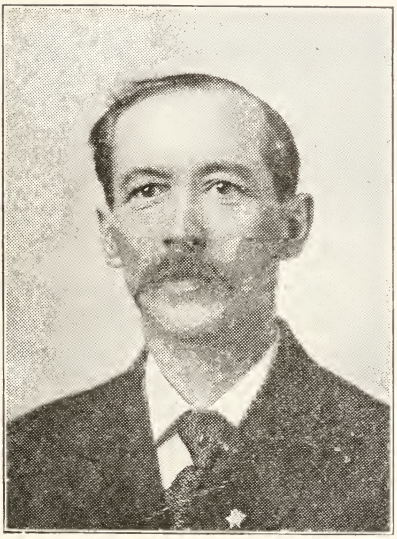
"Thinking is the most pleasurable of

exercises, once the art has been learned. It is also the most profitable and altogether the best thing in life, since it is the most thoroughly human thing a man can do. There is no doubt, however, that the discipline of learning to think is at least a little painful. In ignorance or in disregard of this fact many students enter light-heartedly upon a college course, knowing well that a bachelor's degree is a most respectable thing and that it is well to be known at least as one who once attended college. Furthermore the mere experience of being in and about a college is always agreeable and sometimes thrilling. The result is that we always have in college students who have never caught the vision of intellectual life or, having caught it, would avoid the irksomeness of pursuing it. This spirit fathers a long list of well known distractions that overshadow the principal ends of the curriculum. A revaluation of the things that occupy our students' time and attention is emphatically demanded. When the outlines of a complete human life are being formed distortion or subordination of the values that are eternal is a capital sin. The supreme achievement of the artist is to have nothing in his picture that does not count. He will have nothing that distracts attention from the end he has in view—

nothing that complicates his purpose. Colleges are to be gauged by the same standard. We must eliminate from our general college activities whatever does not deepen the impressions of the curriculum, whatever does not intensify mental life."



J. W. PARMLEY

"DADDY" OF OUR GOOD ROADS

The young husband steps into the birth chamber, picks up his tiny, first-born child that has just acquired a human soul, looks into the little blinking eyes and then feels welling up within him the noble impulse that he is a father. It is a great thing to become a father. Said the oracle of the last century, with regard to George Washington, "Provi-

dence rendered him childless, yet his country can call him 'Father.'" Joe Parmley, of Ipswich, is a double header, as a father. This does not mean that he is both a father and a step-father; no, not yet. Joe is simply papa and daddy both; that is, he is father of a promising son, named Loren, now a student in college, and of a talented daughter, Miss Irene, who is as yet a high school student; and daddy of our good roads movement in South Dakota.

While others in the state have been struggling to emblazen their names in imperishable splendor across the political sky (only to wake up later and find that their ambitions have exploded like a meteor and that their political lights have gone out forever, leaving them dead-broke in the scrap-heap of the "ex's"), Joe Parmley has been quietly plodding along with an irresistable determination to have this generation build up its roads in South Dakota. And he has succeeded mighty well. Out of his own hard-earned cash, he has contributed thousands of dollars toward the enterprise; has spoken in behalf of the task all over the state; has written dozens of bristling articles along these lines, and has built a lot of good public highway with his own individual equipment. Without his enthusiasm, his leadership, his

voice, his pen, his cash and the work of his own hands, the state perhaps would not have awakened from its lethargy for another half century.

That little sawed-off Ajax of the south, the Demosthenes of Atlanta, John Temple Graves, speaking at a Lincoln banquet in Chicago, said with reference to the "Lincoln Road" which congress at that time contemplated building from Washington to Gettysburg, "I would not have you of the north forget that our sires and our brothers lie side by side at Gettysburg with yours. Therefore, I propose an extension to this road. I would have it begin at Richmond, extend to Washington and thence on to Gettysburg. Its sides I would buttress with slabs of white marble. Its top I would macadamize with crushed white stone. And then along each side for its entire length, I would plant unbroken rows of flowers that bear only white blooms. And when it was done, I would call it 'The Great White Way, the Lincoln Way, the Way of Peace.'" In harmony with this beautiful sentiment, may we suggest that in the broad range of future years, when Joe Parmley's dust has been consigned to dust again, and when automobile travelers and joy riders pass over the dustless boulevard from Aberdeen to

Ipswich that penetrates the hearts of hills and lifts its commanding bosom above the lake beds along its route, and while they feel entranced at the sight of spring-time anemones and later inhale the fragrance of June roses along its sides, let each one acclaim, "This is the Great White Way, the Parmley Way, the Way of Progress!" Yes; they need not wait till then, they can begin it now, for this boulevard has already been officially named, "The Parmley Highway." It constitutes one of the important sections of the new "Twin City-Aberdeen Yellowstone Park Trail," which now bids well to become one of the important national highways of the United States.

And Joe is mighty proud of that twenty-six miles of elegant highway. He knows, as does every man of experience in road building, that where a road is graded but has not been macadamized, the only way to keep it in good shape is to drag it. Accordingly, he took a worn-out, model F Buick automobile, and from it built a one-man tractor that will drag the Parmley highway from Ipswich to Aberdeen and back—a total distance of fifty-two miles—in a single day, and give sufficient time to double back repeatedly over areas that need it. This gasoline drag is now known as the "Parmley Patrol." Joe pays

the salary of the operator and bears all of the other expenses himself. He claims that with this outfit one man can patrol and keep in fine shape 100 miles of road. It is possible that he has again hit upon a practical solution of a vexatious problem.

OLD FRIENDS MEET

"Say, Joe, do you remember a letter you wrote me while at old Lawrence soon after you came west?" Of course Joe didn't remember, but his companion did, and he continued:

"Well, you had left school a junior and said then no one had asked you whether you could translate Homer, speak French, demonstrate the binomial theorem, or knew the color of Julius Caesar's hair, but a good many had asked what you could do."

Forgetful of the surroundings on the corridor of the Evans hotel at Hot Springs, and of the many things both men had been doing the past thirty years, the "boys" were living over college days of a generation ago. The speaker was Bob Selway, of Wyoming, the big sheep man, and the other was Joe Parmley, of South Dakota, or to be more specific—of Ipswich, Edmunds county, South Dakota—the subject of this "Who's Who" sketch.

Joe first saw the light of day on a farm

in southwestern Wisconsin, where his childhood was spent plowing corn, milking cows, studying the birds and rocks and learning to be an athlete—at the wood pile—to hold his own in a rough and tumble, or if he didn't to come up smiling all the same and never admit that he was licked. Incidentally, he entertained the country-side at the picnics with such classical recitation as Cassabianca," "John Burns at Gettysburg," or the "Seminole's Reply." But the big world was calling, and he took his first ride on the cars to Appleton where he spent three years in Lawrence university, pursuing a scientific course, and as captain of the football club.

The snow was still on the ground when he arrived in Aberdeen, Dakota Territory, in 1883. He looked at a map and said, "Sometime the Milwaukee will build west from Aberdeen;" bought a load of lumber, hired a team to take it forty miles toward the setting sun; counted his cash and found less than fifteen dollars for hardware and the future. When nearing the present townsite of Roscoe, he saw a tent and he made for it. Charley Morgan, of Chicago, had preceded him less than a day. The two joined forces, named the town "Roscoe"—after Roscoe Conkling who was then in the height of his brilliant career—and remained firm

friends till death separated them a few years later.

Joe was appointed the first county superintendent of Edmunds county, and he tramped all over the county organizing school townships and schools. He held the office two terms, and was then elected register of deeds. At various times he has held by appointment and election the office of county judge, and he served two terms in the state legislature, besides holding numerous other offices of honor and trust from mayor up to road boss. He admits having studied law, but he always refused to practice. It is an open secret though that many attorneys when stuck on a title to real estate get him to tell them what is wrong with it.

He has always been a leader in better methods of farming and stock breeding and he is owner of the largest herd of Shetland ponies in the northwest. Mr. Parmley still has in use the first manure spreader sold in Edmunds county, though he loaned it to every farmer for miles around, in order to induce them to buy for themselves. He built the first silo in the country west of Aberdeen, and is today spending much time in addressing public meetings of farmers on corn, cows and the silo.

While a member of the legislature, he introduced a bill for farmers' institutes and saw it defeated by farmer votes. Then he changed his vote to "no" in order to move re-consideration, and three days later he got the present farmers institute law on our statute books. Joe has always been an advocate of prison reform and he is the author of our present parole law, said to be one of the most practical in the union. Within the past year he became sponsor for a prisoner on parole. A few weeks after being paroled, the prisoner—not criminal—was asked to teach a class of boys in a Methodist Sunday school. This came to Parmley's notice and he ran down to Pierre and asked the board of pardons if they didn't think it safe to let Sunday school teachers run loose, and they did. The next mail carried a full pardon to a useful citizen who went wrong and was caught—notwithstanding we were *particeps crimus* by leading him astray in the United States army in time of peace. If you happen around when he is pitching alfalfa or filling a silo or working on the road with $3.00 a day men, it will be well to see that there is an avenue of escape before defending the shirt factory at the pen where the state's able bodied wards get 39 cents a day and the state boards and clothes them. This monu-

mental waste and the expenditure of 67 per cent of the nation's income for war and navy has been the subject of bitter attacks by him, and his address before the state conservation congress on "Better Roads or Battle Ships" and before the state peace society on "War's Waste of Men and Money" were said to be the strongest pleas ever made in the state for world peace or arbitration, except the addresses made by President Taft.

Mr. Parmley has traveled extensively in the United States, Canada and Mexico, and he has written much for publication. His descriptions of the Pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan attracted wide notice and elicited very favorable editorial comment. As a literary student, Joe is a volume de luxe of God's choicest edition, while as a public speaker he is one of the choicest and keenest in the state. We are greatly pleased to reproduce from the files of the Argus-Leader two paragraphs from his eloquent speech recently delivered before the district bankers' convention at Watertown:

"The face of our continent is changing. Yesterday we faced Europe. To-morrow we will face Asia. West of this point lies one half of the territory of the United States with one-tenth of the people. It is the better half and capable of main-

taining a population many times greater than the total of the whole country. We are at present simply scratching around on the surface of things. A thousand civilized men will thrive where a hundred savages starved. The inner chambers of God's great granite safes, where the oil and coal and the iron, the nitrogen, the silver and the gold have been stored since the morning stars sang together, are fastened with time locks set for the hour of man's necessity. It is for us to get the combination."

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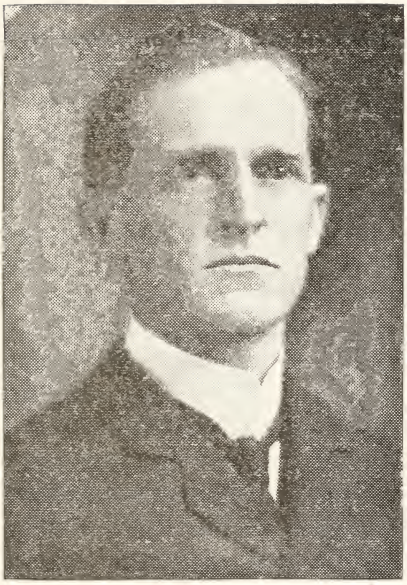
"I come to you this afternoon with a plea for the silo for I believe that it will solve some—yes many—of the financial and economic problems confronting us. I believe that right here within a few miles of the center of the North American continent in the valley of the Sioux or over in the valley of the "Jim" or of the Missouri or on the hills of the Coteau or in that trans-Missouri country there can be established a permanent industry that will add fertility to an already fertile soil, that will bring prosperity and contentment to a dense population and will work out on the trestle board of life the plans of the Great Architect of the Universe."



CLEOPHAS C. O'HARRA

HAS MADE GOOD

Back in 1908 when Spafford, Erickson, Norby, Burt and Anderson composed the board of regents, they held a meeting at the Royal hotel in Huron. During the session, a motion was made to appropriate $200 to defray the expense of sending Dr. Cleophas

C. O'Harra of the State School of Mines at Rapid City, to visit the institutions of the east that had sent expeditions into the Bad Lands in years gone by, and to collect from their libraries all available records of these expeditions, and to unite them into one general report for use in South Dakota. Burt objected; Spafford defended: the motion prevailed; and today, as a result of the undertaking, there is distributed throughout our state and elsewhere 2,000 copies of Dr. O'Harra's "Geology of the Bad Lands," containing 150 pages of condensed subject matter, plus 50 full-page illustrations. It is a document without which no library in the state would be complete. In addition to the second-hand data used, Dr. O'Harra went away beyond and incorporated into it the results of his own immediate investigations and observations in the Bad Lands.

Prior to this—in 1902—Dr. O'Harra prepared and published his "Mineral Wealth of the Black Hills," a book that attracted wide attention, for it was the first time that a ripe student of minerology had taken time and gone to the expense of collecting sufficient data from which to work out an authentic volume. New discoveries here and there during the past ten years may make its early revision necessary, but in the main,

it will always stand—a triumphant achievement of its indomitable author.

PREPARATION AND EXPERIENCE

Dr. O'Harra came into life at the village of Bentley, Illinois, not far from the old Mormon town of Carthage, in Hancock county. His parents were early pioneers in that section of the state.

He got his early education in the schools of Hancock county, and then attended Carthage college, being graduated by that institution as an A. B. in 1891. The board of directors immediately elected him a member of the faculty of his Alma Mater, and assigned him to the professorship of natural and physical sciences. He had made good as a student and they knew he would do so as a professor.

After filling this position for four years, he resigned in 1895, to enter Johns Hopkins university at Baltimore. Here he specialized on geology and minerology; graduated in 1898 and was given his Ph. D. degree.

COMES WEST

On the very day that he took his final examination at Johns Hopkins, he was elected professor of geology and minerology in the School of Mines at Rapid City, this state, and he immediately struck west.

He filled this position so satisfactorily

for thirteen consecutive years, that when President Fulton of the School of Mines resigned in July, 1911, Dr. O'Harra was tendered the presidency of the institution.

The first thing he did was to throw out the business course and the academic preparatory course and bring the institution up to college grade in all lines. The only under course now in vogue is a preparatory scientific course. This, under present conditions, seems to be an indispensable necessity. At present the school has an enrollment of 78. Only 5 are girls. The change in the course of study forced them to take training elsewhere. Good for O'Harra! He did the manly thing.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

When Dr. O'Harra graduated at Carthage, in 1891, he was the only member of his class. Two years later (1893), Miss Mary Marble, of Bowen, Illinois, also graduated at Carthage college; and, strangely enough, she, too, was the only member of her class. The school is a half century old, and the two occasions herein enumerated are the only times in its history when its graduating class consisted of but one person.

O'Harra is a pious fellow as well as a philosopher. He believes in the scriptures and he is a profound student of them. He

realizes that God meant it when He inspired Moses to write "It is not good for man to be alone;" so the lone graduate of 1891 married the lone graduate of 1893, immediately after her graduation, and they have been having a happy social duet ever since.

Into their cheerful home have come four children—three boys and a girl. The oldest son is now a sophomore in the School of Mines; the other two are attending public school in Rapid City, while the girl is not as yet of school age.

OTHER RELATIONS AND ACHIEVEMENTS

Dr. O'Harra was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa at Johns Hopkins. He is also a Fellow of the Geological Society of America, a Fellow of the American Association for the Advance of Science, a member of the Seismological Society of America; was special assistant for the government in preparing the United States geological survey; published a number of geological pamphlets of his own, and mapped many square miles of Black Hills geology, including Belle Fourche, Devil's Tower, Aladdin and Rapid Quadrangles.

He has procured many choice views and specimens of antedeluvian fossils. From these he gives two choice, scholarly, illustrated lectures—one on the Black Hills and

the other on the Bad Lands. The educational value of these two lectures is not discounted by any speeches that are, or have been, delivered throughout the state.

In addition to these two lectures, he has developed a third, entitled "The Age of Precision," which is commanding the respect of the scholars of the state. It is too lengthy to be embodied in its entirety in a work of this kind, yet the following extracts from it will not only prove interesting and valuable, but they will suffice to give the reader the idea of the broad sweep and beautiful literary style of the whole speech:

"This age above all others demands the keenest intellects for the solving of the problems placed before us. It is a period of unrest. In the busy marts of the world, in the quiet lanes of rural labor, among the enlightened nations of the earth and in the far away recesses of savage habitation, the same discontent appears and all are seeking for something better. Too many, discouraged by the perplexities of their environment and sympathetic in reasonable measure for the burdens of their brothers, wonder, under the weight of dissatisfaction, if the world is all wrong. Everybody's in a hurry—in a hurry to go somewhere, in a hurry to get rich, in a

hurry to attain position, in a hurry to excel in one way or another.

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"Six hundred years ago an old English King took three barley corns, round and dry, and, placing them end to end, called the space one inch, and twelve of these spaces one foot. From this crude beginning Henry VII., in 1490, established the earliest actual yard-stick. This stick continued in use 250 years. It was made of nicely shaped brass, but the ends were neither exactly flat nor exactly parallel. Three hundred years afterward the Elizabethan standard was made and in 1824 this was adopted by Parliament. Ten years later this standard was destroyed by fire. Fortunately one-half dozen copies were in existence and from these a new standard was made. This was legalized in 1855. It is today the English standard of the world and a duplicate rests in the United States office of weights and measures at Washington City.

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"In the laboratories at the South Dakota State School of Mines we have weighing balances of sufficient refinement to weigh the minute amount of graphite used in making the dot over the letter 'i' in ordinary pencil writing, and we are told that instru-

ments are now obtainable which will record differences of as little as one-thousandth of a milligram or approximately one-twenty-five millionth of an avoirdupois ounce.

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"Twelve years ago a new star flamed forth in great brilliancy in the constellation Perseus and later faded to insignificance. We are told that the light was three centuries in reaching us and that the phenomenon causing this brilliant display seemingly occurring in 1901 had in reality taken place in the days of Oliver Cromwell. The links that make up an ordinary chain are common place enough but who can refrain from reverie when he learns that Neptune 2,800,000,000 miles away is held to the solar center by a gravitational influence equivalent to the strength of a rod of steel 500 miles in diameter.

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"Some time ago a man found an ant dragging a grasshopper and being impressed by the incident weighed both. The ant weighed 3.2 milligrams and the grasshopper 190 milligrams—sixty times as much. Just as many another might do the observer stated that this was equivalent to a 150-pound man dragging a load of 4 1-2 tons or a 1,200 pound horse a load of 36 tons. Later

a keener observer showed a fallacy in this reasoning in that the weight of the animal varies approximately as the cube of its lineal dimensions while its strength varies approximately as the square of the diameter of the muscle. Calculation on this basis shows the strength of the ant compared with that of man to be much the same rather than many times as great.

* * * * * *

"The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in connection with a similar organization from Canada is marking with extreme precision the boundary line between the two countries. It so happens that the axis of rotation of the earth varies its position in regular order in periods of about fourteen months. This leads to a corresponding variation in latitude along this boundary line so that according to a recent statement by one of the chief officials of this survey any point of the boundary line if precisely fixed on a given day may be as much as 50 or 60 feet distant seven months later.

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"The ability to think is a divine gift. The higher the mountain the greater the opportunity for vision. A thousand years ago heaven had a particular physical location. But, as has been well stated, heaven today

has a different meaning to men who know that the earth is whirling through space at a rate of 66,000 miles an hour and that the direction of the zenith changes every sixty minutes through an angle equal to 15 degrees multiplied by the cosine of the latitude. Far more faith than unbelief will come from the intelligent acceptance of well founded scientific facts. Science makes for purity, genuineness and truth. Half a century ago we limited the age of the earth to a few thousand years and viewed with righteous horror any who might raise a question. Today we grant ourselves unlimited millions and we love God all the more.

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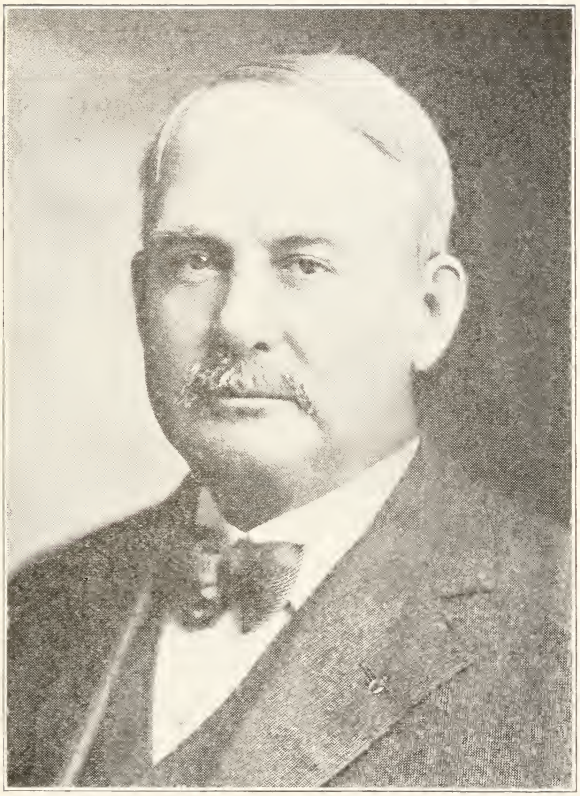
"The same requirement exists whatever be our places. Let us not start out by mourning over a supposed degeneracy of the present. There never has been a day better than today and tomorrow will be a little ahead of this one. Grumblers are seldom efficient. Let us open our door to cheerfulness and surround ourselves with joy. Let us make our hearts storehouses for unselfish thoughts and our hands instruments for ready action. Let us see to it that our work, conceived in faith and wrought in patience, has the element of accuracy, permanency, and helpfulness, so that even better than the

Herculanean manuscripts written in carbon ink it may withstand the vicissitudes of the ages."

The Doctor is a man of tremendous tension of intellect, a profound student, a careful observer, a close reasoner and a deep thinker; in fact, he is acknowledged as one of the leading scholars of the state. His habits are of the simplest kind, and his sociability and fellowship are unsurpassed.



C. F. HACKETT

ANOTHER PIONEER EDITOR

About eight months ago, ten sturdy pioneers, with either bald or semi-bald heads, who had been in business in Parker,

this state, continuously for thirty years or more, had their pictures taken in a group. One great commanding figure stands among them, just back of Mr. Lord (Banker Lord, if you please—not at Armageddon; but in choice company nevertheless). It is Editor Charles F. Hackett, of the "Parker New Era"—a man who has done more to place Parker on the map and keep it there, than all other forces combined; one whose good deeds will live after he is dead and gone; one who left the imprint of his personality upon our pioneer days as few other men have ever done.

ANCESTRY

Charles F. Hackett's geneology shows a lineage of high rank. The name "Hackett" is from the old English word "Harcourt." His paternal ancestors came over from England, after the fall of Cromwell and settled in Connecticut. Hackett, the commentator, and Hacketts, the actors, came from this stock. Charles' great-grandfather on his father's side settled in southwest New Jersey and engaged in lumbering and shipbuilding. His grandmother, on his father's side, was Sarah Reeve. Her ancestors came over from England, in 1660, and also settled in New Jersey. On his mother's side, his

grandparents were also English. They migrated to Jersey in 1780.

Hackett's father was a self-educated school teacher, and a local Methodist preacher for about thirty years. Charles, himself, ought to have been a preacher also—he has all of the characteristics. For several years he has been running a chapter of the Bible each week in the New Era. This is right! Many a man reads it who would not bother to pick up a Bible.

AN APPRENTICE LAD

The old Hackett homestead near Mannington, Salem county, New Jersey, has been in the family for 225 years. It was here that Charles F. was born, May 20, 1853. He has five brothers and five sisters, all of whom are still living, except one girl, and all of whom were born on the old homestead.

When Charles was fifteen years of age, his father apprenticed him to William S. Sharp, of Salem, N. J., publisher of "The Standard," at Salem, at $2 per week. The boy had to pay for his room and board. These cost him $3 per week. He earned the balance by doing chores. Near the close of the first year, he got a raise in his apprentice fee to $3 per week.

HIS FIRST TIP

The tipping business, like other social

habits, has its good and its bad sides. Again, it is not nearly such a recent creation as some of us would suppose, for, judging from the boyhood record of Charles Hackett, it dates back fifty years—at least among politicians. It is possible, of course, that other folks at that time had not as yet developed the contagion.

Well, it was this way: Young Hackett had gotten to be the "handy" boy around the old print shop. From the start he had not seen in it more than $2 per week. Ever alert and willing, he knew what was in every case and tool box around the place; and he wasn't afraid of extra hours, either. He had in him that fundamental instinct which revealed to him that the quickest way to get a raise in salary was to show to his employer that he could earn it.

He had to be at the office at 5:30 in the morning and sweep out. One evening during General Grant's first campaign for the presidency, the chairman of the republican state central committee for New Jersey, came to The Standard office late one evening; found the Hackett boy loitering around the shop experimenting with new forms; asked him if he could get out some campaign hand bills

for him and get them onto an early morning up-Delaware flatboat that left dock at 4:30 a. m.

"Sure!" exclaimed the lad, "I'm always up by that time."

"All right," said the politician whose corporosity was equalled only by his generosity, "tell your employer to charge them to the Grant committee—he understands, and here's something for yourself (handing the boy a dollar)."

"Oh! That's too much!" declared the boy; take 75 cents of it back!"

"Never mind," said the "corporate" gentleman, with a broad grin on his broad face, "just get the posters down to the boat on time; it will be all right."

That day Charles Hackett was the happiest boy in Salem. It is safe to assume that he thought himself in Salem, Massachusetts, instead of in Salem, New Jersey, and that those fancied witches had again broken out. He took that "easy" dollar out of his pocket very easily at least a hundred times during that day and looked at it; and right then and there he got his initiation into the political game as well as into the tipping habit. Somehow this tipping business appeals to us like this:

TIPS

Give a quarter
To the porter
Who deserves it, every time,
But withhold it
From the bandit
Who would spend it for strong wine.

So be careful,
Gentle tipper,
Whom you tip and what you tip for,
Tips that tipple
Soon may ripple
Friendships of the days of yore.

Bounteous heaven
Smile upon you
When a righteous tip is given
But its curses—
Empty purses—
May consign you to oblivion.

CHANGED POSITIONS

In 1869, Hackett's employer went "broke," and the lad lost several weeks of his apprentice fee. Then he went to Philadelphia and apprenticed himself for four years to the American Baptist Publication Society. He began at $3.75 per week; but his board and room were $4.00 per week, so he took on the extra work of carrying the locked-up forms from the composing room on the third floor to the press room in the basement and received 75 cents per week extra for this task. This arrangement enabled him to pay his living expenses and left

him a surplus of 50 cents, each week, with which to pay his laundry bills and other incidentals.

GETS AN EDUCATION

By the end of the first two months the "new apprentice" had so ingratiated himself into the affection of his employers and had made himself so valuable in various ways around the office, that he was given a voluntary raise in salary. He was raised again in another sixty days, and every two months thereafter during the entire four years. He got it simply because he demonstrated to his employers that he could earn it. The boy did not grow extravagant in his expenditures, simply because his earnings had increased, but instead he pursued the same rigid economy throughout.

During the four years with the American Baptist Publication Society, he saved enough money to put himself through school. Right here is a lesson in finance, in boyhood, in acquiring an education, which every poor boy, if he would be successful, must learn and adopt. Success is the direct result of aiming at an ideal. The element of chance is seldom of any specific use. Just so with young Hackett; he saved his small coins and with them put himself through school. First, he attended the academy in Salem for one

year, then he attended the state normal at Trenton, N. J., for two years.

THE TREND OF EVENTS

During his vacations he worked at various things to earn more money and to conserve his diminishing resources. In the vacation of 1874 he edited and published the "Woodstown (N. J.) Register," while the proprietor, William Taylor (a cousin of the famous novelist, Bayard Taylor, and a brother of Maris and of James Taylor who in the early days of Dakota established at Yankton the "Yankton Herald" now owned and published by the celebrated Mark M. Bennett), toured Europe.

The Taylors took a decided liking to young Hackett and they were deeply impressed with his keen editorial pronunciamentos. So, in 1876, the two brothers who had gone west and established themselves in the newspaper business at Yankton, sent for Hackett to come and join them.

He did so; and upon his arrival he was made city editor of the Herald. He arrived with $2.40 in his pockets, a trunk and two suits of clothes. The Taylors were in no better shape financially than he. They had induced him to come west with the assurance that they were going to make a daily of the Herald, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

In addition to being city editor, the young fellow soon found himself setting type, running the presses, doing the soliciting and the collecting—in fact chief cook and bottle washer, with his wages unpaid for several months. This continued for a year. He wanted to go home but he hadn't the money to go with. During the second year, he acted as field solicitor; rode over northwestern Nebraska and southeastern Dakota, visiting the new settlements here and there, taking subscriptions and writing up for publication in the Herald the lives of prominent men in the several colonies.

TRIP TO MILITARY FORTS

About the only fellows left out west who were receiving money regularly were the soldiers, stationed in the military forts at and above Yankton along the Missouri river, to Bismarck. It was, therefore, decided that Mr. Hackett had better make his way over land up the river to all of these forts, write up the officers and take as many cash subscriptions for the Herald as he possibly could.

The account of this trip contains so many details, the names of so many men who have since become prominent in the history of the Dakotas, and it comprises such a vital

part of our state history, that Mr. Hackett's own story is to be published later.

CUPID'S PART IN A LIFE DRAMA

Upon his return to Yankton, via St. Paul, after his harrowing trip northward, Mr. Hackett decided to "pull stakes" and return to his boyhood haunts. At that time (1878) Shurtleff & Deming were running a stage line between Yankton and Sioux Falls. It crossed the Vermillion river on a ford at the old village of Finlay, in Turner county; and it also passed through the village of Swan Lake, which, in the long-gone years, stood about four miles south of the present town of Hurley, on the old military road.

Mr. Hackett had friends at Sioux Falls whom he desired to bid good-by before he started east. Accordingly he took the Yankton-Sioux Falls stage via Swan Lake and Finlay. When they reached Swan Lake, Vale P. Thielman, postmaster at the village and clerk of the court for Turner county (Swan Lake was at that time the county seat), urged Hackett to abandon his plans; to come to Swan Lake, buy the "Swan Lake Era," a newspaper that had been established at that village in June, 1875, by H. B. Chaffer, and to enter newspaperdom on his own behalf. Hackett agreed to think it over.

The old stage was driven at that time by

Jack Halsey. He now lives in Parker, and he and Mr. Hackett frequently enjoy reminiscences of their trip together, side by side on the old stage seat, from Yankton to Sioux Falls and back—as we shall see later.

When they arrived at the Vermillion river ford at Finlay, the stage halted, to exchange mail and water the horses. Young Hackett climbed down and went into the post-office to say good-bye to the postmaster, Rev. J. J. McIntire, whom he had before met and who was just then mourning the loss of his devoted pioneer wife. McIntire was away at the time. His youngest daughter, Miss Carrie, was looking after the store and post-office for him. Hackett stood and chatted with her while Halsey watered the team.

"Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health."

The stage drove on. Hackett grew strangely melancholy as he pondered o'er another one of Whittier's choice couplets in "Maud Muller:"

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

When he reached Sioux Falls, he suddenly changed his mind and decided to go back to Yankton via Finlay. When he arrived at Finlay she was there. Together they walked down to the well, and the gal-

lant young lover took hold of the rope that lifted

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well,"

as hand over hand he raised it to the top,

"Filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips."

'Tis done! Today, she is Mrs. Hackett, postmistress at Parker; and all who come within the radius of her charming life join in congratulating her valiant husband on his stage trip in the seventies and for having "changed his mind."

BUYS THE SWAN PAPER

When Hackett got back to Swan Lake, Thielman was waiting for him, and again he urged Hackett to buy the paper. It was in a rundown condition; Hackett was not favorably impressed, but he was anxious to get settled in Turner county—and right away; for as he, himself, once confessed to the writer: "That girl at the ford had more to do with my having settled in Turner county than did the newspaper or anything else."

Briefly, the history of the paper was this: H. B. Chaffee, of Vermillion, came over to Swan Lake and started it, as previously stated, in June, 1875. He continued it till the fall of 1877; then he sold the plant to Smith & Grigsby (Col. Melvin Grigsby) who

removed it to Sioux Falls and merged it with "The Pantagraph." The next spring (April 1878), William Gardner came out from Chicago, resurrected the paper, named it the "Swan Lake Press," and started things all over again. He ran it until October 19, 1878, when he sold out to Chas. F. Hackett who has since been its constant owner and publisher. Its original name was "The Swan Lake Era." Hackett changed it to "The New Era." When the Milwaukee railroad built into Turner county, in 1879, Mr. Hackett removed the paper to Parker and re-named it, "The Parker New Era," which name it bears to this day.

Reverting to the meeting of Thielman and Hackett, at Swan Lake, on the latter's return trip from Sioux Falls, Hackett told Thielman that he did not have the money with which to buy the outfit; that his entire assets were a note of $250, given him by Taylor Brothers, of Yankton, for unpaid salary. Thielman promised to back him.

However, Hackett returned to Yankton and then went to Vermillion to bid good-bye to Bower, Burdick, and to that prince of chivalrous business men, D. M. Inman, who at the time of his sudden death a few months since, was president of the First National Bank of Vermillion, and a man whose noble

traits, business sagacity and commercial instinct made him worthy to be president of any institution in our land. Inman urged Hackett to buy the "Vermillion Republican." The price seemed too high. Hackett told Inman of the Swan Lake proposition. Right then and there a Johnathan and David friendship sprang up between them.

"You're an honest young fellow," said Inman, "and the west holds more opportunities for you than does the east. Go ahead and buy the plant. I'll supply the money and take for it a plain note at a low rate of interest. This is going to be a great country some day and I am anxious to see it built up with fellows like yourself."

Hackett needed $200. Inman advanced it and took Hackett's note payable in two years. Hackett rushed across the country to Swan Lake, bought the paper on October 10th; got out the first edition on October 15th and every succeeding edition to date. He boarded out some of his advertising accounts, apprenticed a young fellow to help him, got some badly needed new clothes, had his picture taken with the "New Era" hanging across his breast; lived frugally, and in eight months paid off his note to Inman—long before it was due; moved his printing plant to Parker in 1879; made frequent

trips to Finlay, and in October, 1880, triumphed in one of the neatest and truest love matches ever completed within the state.

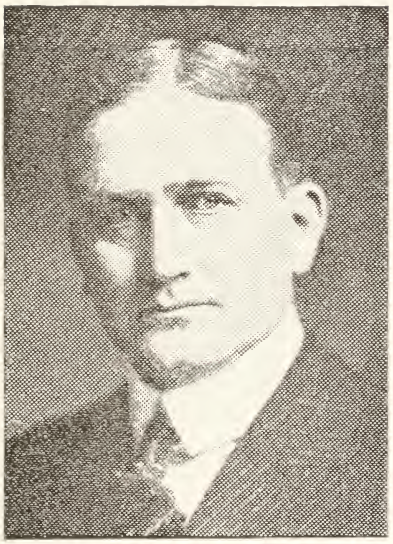
SUCCESSFUL

Editor Hackett prospered greatly at Parker. Today he owns two fine farms in Turner county and several business blocks in the city of Parker. He has but recently moved his printing plant and the post-office into an elegant, large, new, modern building of his own. He has demonstrated, as did his contemporaries—Willey at Vermillion, Day at Sioux Falls, Bonham at Deadwood, Gossage at Rapid City, Stanley at Hot Springs, Longstaff at Huron and McLeod at Aberdeen, that there is money to be made in the printing business if it is conducted right.

Another very pertinent and noticeable thing about all of these editors, and several others not mentioned, is that they have kept out of politics quite largely and attended to business; that is, they have not been chronic office seekers themselves.

Mr. Hackett was appointed chief enrolling clerk of the first state legislature in 1889-90; was assistant secretary of the second state senate (these appointive positions

pay); has served as clerk of the Courts in Turner county; is a Shriner, a Knight Templar, an Odd Fellow, a Mason and an A. O. U. W.



JOY M. HACKLER

ATE JACK-RABBITS AND CUCUMBERS

The names of "Hackler" and "Rosebud" are synonymous. It took Joy Hackler, of the Gregory National bank, to develop the Rosebud reservation, and it took the Rosebud to develop Joy Hackler. You can't separate them without spoiling both. Still, Joy is no "hackler" about rosebuds. While he en-

"Joy" (s) them, yet sand-cherries are his choice.

Let's not hackle about this proposition, but hit the nail right square on the head at once. Joy Hackler was born five miles from Nebraska City, Nebraska, June 14, 1877. There were June rosebuds everywhere, but Joy found more "joy" among the sand-cherries on the sand dunes and sandy plains of Nebraska. At six years of age, his parents removed with him to Keyapha county, Nebraska. They were very poor. Here Joy and the other children attended rural school, and lived on sand-cherries and buttermilk. This diet made them poddy, or paunchy, as the typical westerner would say. Their neighbors were equally poor. Their children also washed down their sand-cherries with buttermilk. One of these children finally swelled up and died. The local doctor said its death was caused by the berries and that they were poison. Word was sent over the whole community not to eat any more of them. The Hacklers disobeyed. However, for a winter diet their food varied, and they lived mostly on jack-rabbits and cucumbers. The acid in the vinegar on the cucumbers killed the wild taste of the rabbit meat and the Hacklers lived on this diet for several

months at a time, without even getting the scurvy.

However, it is from just such homes as these that the west is developing her strongest and her ablest men. The poverty of boyhood is readily superceded by the riches of manhood, and the transition is not one-tenth so much luck as it is adaptability of a man to his environment. Such a man is Joy M. Hackler. We are proud of him.

At twelve years of age, his parents removed with him to Springview, Nebraska, where the lad for a few years had the advantage of town school. He completed the grades and spent one year in the high school. This constituted his scholastic preparation for life.

However, he had gotten along far enough in his studies, so that he passed a teachers' examination in 1894 and secured a third grade certificate. On this he taught one term, for which service truly rendered, he received the magnificent salary of $18 per month. Out of this he paid his board and other expenses. They didn't "live around" in those days like they used to away back in the hoosier days of Indiana and the early years of Illinois.

COMES TO DAKOTA

In December, 1904, when the Rosebud was opened for settlement, Mr. Hackler came to Dakota and organized at Gregory the Gregory State bank, which he opened for business January 1, following. The bank had a capital of $5,000. In 1907, he increased the capital to $25,000; and in 1909, to $50,000 and made it a national bank. This institution was promptly made a United States depository. On January 22, 1913, the Corn Belt Bank and Trust company was consolidated with it—the consolidated institution retaining the name of the Gregory bank. So much for the financial achievements of a self-made lad who grew up on the sand hills of Nebraska, but who has helped to develop Dakota!

MARRIES

Mr. Hackler was married on July 29, 1903—about a year and a half before he came to Dakota—to Miss Nellie Tissue, of Springview, Nebraska. She was deputy county treasurer at Springview, and as such she had acquired a practical business education. Such girls make the best mothers on earth. Hackler chose wisely. They are today the proud parents of a seven-year-old boy named Victor, and he bids mighty well to be a "victor" like his dad.

PUBLIC SPEAKER

Peculiarly enough, Mr. Hackler, like O. L. Branson, president of the First National Bank at Mitchell, and like Lieutenant-Governor E. L. Abel, president of the City National Bank of Huron, is a combination of business sagacity and literary instinct. He is one of the happiest after-dinner speakers in the state. Last year, while Mr. Roosevelt was prominent before the public eye, Mr. Hackler was called upon to respond to a toast at a bankers' convention held in Dallas, this state. It was such an original speech and such a witty "take off," that we have decided to use a portion of it here. The adaptation of his keen thrusts will at once be seen by all who last year were regular readers of the newspapers:

"At a banquet before the last one I attended, I responded to a toast, or rather I attempted to respond and immediately afterwards I declared, and made the statement that 'Under no circumstances would I again accept an invitation to speak at a banquet.' A short time after this announcement I attended another banquet and was called upon for a talk and referred then to my prevoius announcement and said, 'I have not changed and shall not change that decision thus announced.'

"Last evening I was urgently requested by the board of seven little governors or managers of this group to respond to the toast 'Our Association and its Social Side.' It was pointed out to me and I was clearly shown that my speech at the banquet was absolutely necessary to save the association from the domination of the bosses. I thus decided to accept the invitation and shall adhere to that decision until my speech is completed or until I am ejected from the hall.

"My 'hat is now in the ring,' and in view of this very, very urgent request of the seven little governors or managers and the common bankers behind them I'm in the fight to the finish and will not stand for any crooked manipulation by the bosses.

"I will perhaps be criticized for again entering the ring since I had announced that I would not again do so, but I meant that I would not speak at two consecutive banquets.

"I expect to hit straight from the shoulder and will likely put you over the ropes; I may also hit below the belt, but I trust you will not squeal as you are not, or should not be, that species of animal; although I have heard of bankers being called names that would indicate there was some squeal in them.

"I assume that there are no crooked bankers or politicians at the banquet board tonight as I should certainly have declined to sit with them had I known them to be such. It makes no difference to me whether or not the charge of crookedness had been proven, the charge itself is sufficient to warrant me in saying that he or they 'are undesirable citizens' and should be forthwith ejected.

"I typify and am the embodiment of the progressive banker, and it so happens that I am the only man who can represent you in the role of the 'Social and Moral Ethics of Banking. I am therefore fortunately and peculiarly adapted to the place on the program assigned me of bringing up the rear, and bringing in the sheaves, (when the sheaves constitute hot air and little thought).

"I want it understood that I am against the bosses when they are against me and am with them when they are going my way. I have today seen committees appointed without the aid or consent of myself, although as a member of one committee, I could not control it and 'My Policies' were not adopted in their entirety, and right here I wish to say that hereafter I propose to take my case to the common bankers and do away with the high handed methods that have prevailed in

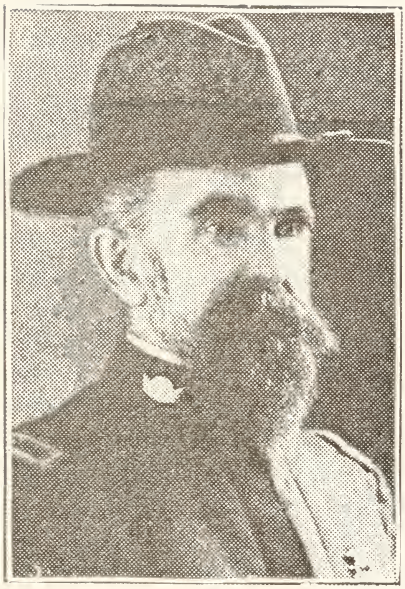
all bankers conventions since there were banks, and put a stop to the work of such consummate bosses as E. A. Jackson, W. S. Ayers, C. E. Burnham, et al.

"I am in favor of the recall in all its ramifications. I am in favor of not only recalling the decision, but the banker himself who loans money for less than 12 per cent and pays higher than 6 per cent on time deposits. I am also in favor of invoking the recall where the bankers organization is dominated by the bosses and does not follow 'my policies.'

"I am opposed to arbitration and peace treaties, as they might interfere with my fighting qualities; for how would I have had a great reputation had it not been for my memorable fighting record up a certain hill in a certain southern island? I am also against arbitration, on the theory that it might interfere with my local Monroe doctrine which is this: 'There shall be no infringement on our territory, nor the establishment of any outside or foreign bank or banker on Rosebud soil.' And I shall fight to the last ditch to maintain that doctrine so long established and adhered to by our forefathers and early bankers.

"I am indeed sorry that I cannot address you from the rear end of a special train fully equipped with everything that Harvester and Steel Trust Money can buy. I am sorry that I can not show my teeth to better advantage, take my cowboy hat in my hand and pound it over the railing of the car, cling to the rail with the other hand and shout to the tumultuous and appreciative throng 'Back to the common people,' for I am sure I would create unbounded as well as unbalanced enthusiasm. But I must abide by the arrangements as they have been made and I trust that the next time I am inflicted upon your good nature I will be running the executive branch of the government of the South Dakota Bankers Group No. Eleven, where my word and 'My policies' will be law, absolutely law."

(Strangely, and yet naturally, enough, Mr. Hackler, at the next session of the bankers in "group eleven," was elected president.)



REV. CHARLES BADGER CLARK, D. D.

THE PRAYING CHAPLAIN

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Clark were sitting in the parlor of their cozy Deadwood home, reading. Presently, Mrs. Clark looked up and said: "I see they are going to have a chaplain at the new national sanitarium for old soldiers, in Hot Springs. I wonder if it

would be possible for you to secure the appointment."

Dr. Clark, looking up, meditatingly, replied: "It would be a nice position, I presume. But, in a measure, the appointment will be a political one. I suspect that Congressman Martin will control it." (Martin was one of Dr. Clark's church members at Deadwood).

"Well, it's worth trying for, isn't it?" responded Mrs. Clark.

A letter was promptly dispatched to the active, loyal Martin. He, in turn, sent one with equal promptness to the board of control. Said he: "All I want in the way of appointments in the sanitarium at Hot Springs, are the chaplain and the quartermaster." His request was immediately granted; and the Reverend Dr. C. B. Clark was promptly appointed chaplain of Battle Mountain Sanitarium.

This was back in 1907, and he still holds down the job—to the satisfaction of the management and the hundreds of soldiers and sailors admitted to the institution. In fact, it would have been quite impossible to have gotten a better man for the place. Mrs. Clark's suggestion has found suitable reward.

Dr. Clark was born at Saquoit, Oneida county, New York, December 29, 1839. He came west with his parents in 1857 and entered college in Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

At the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted in the 25th Iowa Volunteer Infantry and after serving one year was wounded in the first attack on Vicksburg and at the same time lost the hearing of his right ear by the concussion of heavy artillery. He lay in the hospital until discharged for disability from his wound. On his return to Mount Pleasant he re-entered college, but his health had been so shattered by army service that he was obliged to give up the completion of his university course.

He entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1864 and became a member of the Iowa conference, where he completed the four years' study course prescribed by the church. His first appointment in southern Iowa contained twelve preaching places, so far apart that in order to encompass the circuit he rode one hundred miles and regularly preached three times each Sunday. The outdoor life was beneficial to his health and from the very first his ministry met with success. The "boy preacher," as he was generally called, succeeded in adding a hundred and fifty people to the mem-

bership of his circuit in his first year, and he so enlarged the work that the conference divided his circuit, giving to him what was known as the Cincinnati division and the brick church. The next year was wonderfully fruitful in his endeavors, and two hundred and fifty people were brought into the church.

Feeling well established in his life work, he went back to Mount Pleasant and married Miss Mary Cleaver, who proved to be, in the highest sense, a helpmeet, not only in the home but in the work of the church. After being ordained as deacon and elder he was sent to the larger stations of the conference, filling the pulpits of Pella, Newton, Oskaloosa, Burlington and Ottumwa. At the last place, after building a large church, costing $35,000, his nerve force being exhausted by nineteen years of strenuous and unbroken service his physician peremptorily ordered a change of climate and occupation.

In 1883 he moved, with his wife and children, to South Dakota and settled on a homestead near Plankinton. The freedom and wholesome outdoor life of the farm restored his health and he was very happy in his new situation, but the authorities of his church soon "found him out" and he was persuaded to resume his life work at the end

of two years of farming, taking the pastorate of the First M. E. church at Mitchell. After two years here he served a full term of six years as Presiding Elder of the Mitchell District and enjoyed the love and fellowship of the twenty-two preachers under his charge. During his years at Mitchell he was particularly happy in his relation to the then newly-established Dakota university, and he was one of the first trustees of that institution. It was as a representative of this college that his gifted son, Fred (deceased), won the state oratorical contest at the age of seventeen, while still in the preparatory department.

At the end of his presiding eldership he was called to the pastorate at Huron, where he spent five years and completed the term of his labors in the "East-of-the-River" country. These were all glorious years in the youthful days of the new state and Doctor Clark often recalls them with deep pleasure.

By an unmistakable call of Providence he became the pastor of the First M. E. church in Deadwood in 1897 and moved to the Black Hills. He served this station four years and was then appointed superintendent of the Black Hills M. E. Mission, which he held for the regular term of six years. During his first year in Deadwood he lost

his wife, the devoted mother of his four children, two of whom had preceded her to the other home. Three years later he married Miss R. Anna Morris, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has proven a most worthy companion and assistant in his work.

During forty-nine years of strenuous service for his church, Dr. Clark has received over two thousand persons into the church fellowship; and he has officiated in hundreds of marriages, funerals, and other occasions of joy or sorrow, close to the hearts of thousands, both in and out of the church. August, 1914, marked the golden anniversary of his entry into the ministry. While Dr. Clark has a long past to look back upon he is by no means ready to stop growing mentally, and the present has no more interested spectator then he. He has fond memories of the "good old times" but is of the declared opinion that the new times are as good or better. He often quotes

> " 'Tis an age on ages turning,
> To be living is sublime,"

Brownings lines,

> "God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world,"

which are favorites of his, come near expressing his optimistic faith in the present and the future. "The voice of the church of Christ in these days," he says, "is as the

voice of many waters. One mighty impulse pervades the Christian nations and it is encircling the globe with the message that Jesus saves."

Dr. Clark's interest and influence have always been wider than his own town or his own church. In 1892 and 1896 he was sent as a delegate from the Dakota conference to the great general conference of his church.

In 1897 he was elected department commander of the G. A. R. of this state, and has lectured in dozens of conventions and chautauquas. He has always taken an earnest interest in politics, and in 1900 he nominated E. W. Martin for congress the first time at the state republican convention in Sioux Falls.

Probably the main elements of success in Dr. Clark's career have been his magnetic eloquence as a speaker and his no less magnetic kindliness of heart. He is and always has been a brotherly man, not only to his fellow Methodists and fellow Christians but to every human creature whom he meets. From the tenderness and inspiration of his public prayers he is sometimes called the "Praying Chaplain." He is now seventy-five years old, and is yet in remarkably good health. In his present position he com-

bines his devoted Christian life with his ardent patriotism, and serves the church and the country, both of which have honored him, and both of which he has loved and honored, throughout his long life.

W. A. MORRIS

OUR CITIZEN SOLDIER

"Whom shall I appoint adjutant general" asked Governor Byrne of Representative W. A. Morris of Redfield, whom he had summoned to his executive chamber for consultation.

"I really don't know," replied Mr. Morris, "just how you will settle that dispute."

"Well, sir," said Governor Byrne, "I have been thinking of appointing you."

"Appointing me!" ejaculated Morris.

"Yes; you!" declared the governor. And the appointment was promptly made.

It was this way: Mr. Morris as the re-elected house member from Spink county, was a candidate for speaker of our last legislature. Dean Thomas Sterling of his home city was a candidate for the United States senate. Many of those who were backing Mr. Morris for speaker were opposing Mr. Sterling for the senate. Noses were counted; it was ascertained that Mr. Morris, by a collusion of democrats and republicans, had enough votes to be elected. It was at this critical moment that his warmest supporters put him on the mat and asked him whom he intended to favor for the United States senate, if they "put him over" as speaker.

Mr. Morris had two cards to play: one was politics; the other, loyalty to a friend. If he had chosen to play his political cards, he could have been elected. On the other hand, he had studied law under Dean Sterling. They had also been law partners, and they were, in a measure, fellow townsmen. Morris said, "I'm going to stand by Sterling." That settled it! Morris was promptly defeated. But "the administration," of

which Dean Sterling was a component part, decided that Mr. Morris, because of this sacrifice, must be "taken care of," and he was; hence, his appointment to the adjutant generalship.

But, from the standpoint of efficiency, the appointment was wisely placed. It doesn't take a man versed in military technique to be a competent adjutant general. If a man has this knowledge, it is, of course, an asset, but it is not an indispensable necessity. This is abundantly demonstrated by the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy. Neither of them know the manual of arms. They are selected for their judgment, their probity and their business sagacity. However, General Morris was not without military experience. He had formerly served in the Wisconsin militia, and he was captain of the Redfield company, S. D. N. G., for two years. In addition thereto, he possessed the poise, the tact and the business instinct necessary to handle the work most successfully. So that, aside from politics, the appointment was well placed. The past four months have already attested this.

His promotion of Majors Wales and Hazle to colonel and lieutenant-colonel, respectively, was a master stroke of military

genius. There are in the state enough competent Spanish war veterans to officer the entire regiment, but more particularly to complete the complement above the line officers. On this basis—merit, instead of politics—General Morris started out well. His military school called at Redfield, the same year of his appointment, showed his tact and his determination to make the regiment a twentieth century force.

General Morris was born on a farm south of Mt. Carroll, Illinois, December 13, 1864. He spent his boyhood on the farm, working hard during the summer months, and attending country school during the winter. Finally, he entered the Northern Illinois college at Fulton, Ill., and took his law course, graduating with the class of 1884, while yet but twenty years of age.

After graduation, he engaged in the mercantile business at Fulton. Later he removed to Darlington, Wis., where he continued the mercantile business for awhile. In the fall of 1888, he came to Dakota; settled at Doland where he was elected principal of schools; was admitted to the state bar the following June, worked in Dean Sterling's law office during vacation, but continued his school work at Doland on through the second year until January 1, 1890, when

Redfield with the Hon. Thomas Sterling, now our junior United States senator.

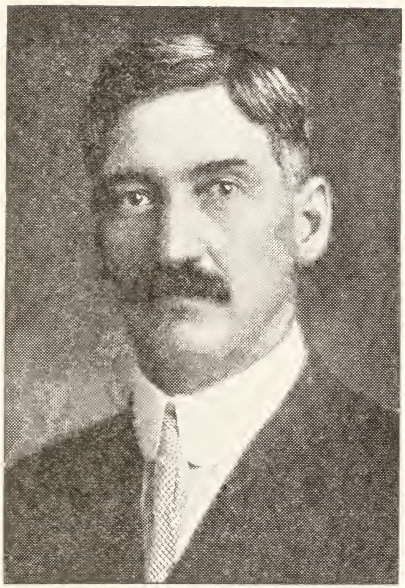
This partnership was continued for ten years. Then Morris withdrew to become secretary and general manager of the Memorial college at Mason City, Ia. But three years later, in September, 1903, he returned to Redfield and resumed his practice of law—this time by himself. However, in October, 1904, he formed a new partnership with Attorney W. F. Bruell, also of Redfield. This business association was continued until January 1, 1912, when it was dissolved and Mr. Morris took in for a new law partner, M. Moriarty. The last partnership still continues.

IN POLITICS

General Morris was elected state's attorney for Spink county in 1896 and served four years, 1897-1900, inclusive. In the spring of 1910, he was elected mayor of Redfield, and in the fall of the same year, he was sent to the state legislature. Here he made a good record, not only as one versed in the initiation of new laws but as a ready, substantial debater. He was re-elected in 1912, and his friends at once got busy with the hope of electing him speaker—a position he could have had, if he had cared to sever old friendships. That he would have made a

he resigned to form a law partnership at most excellent presiding officer for the house members, there can be no dispute. His political stock is still rated at a premium and it is not safe to foreshadow what the future may bring forth. The general is an able lawyer, a good public speaker, a shrewd organizer and a square-toed mixer. He is one of those fellows who were born to win (even though he did enter life on the 13th day of the month.) Success!

He was re-appointed adjutant-general in 1915 for four years, and his appointment was promptly confirmed by the senate.



T. W. DWIGHT

NOT A BULL MOOSER A LA MODE

"Money is the root of all evil." No it isn't. How often we use that old quotation incorrectly, for private gain. Let's quote it right, "The love of money is the root of all evil." Very well; that sounds different.

Money is all right. Without it where

would our good things come from? However, even in small denominations, it sometimes plays a peculiar part in the affairs of men.

Recently the commercial club of Sioux Falls held their annual meeting. Eight men were voted on for directors.

Only four could be elected. The three highest men were promptly accepted. The chair announced that two men had tied for fourth place—Dwight and Reininger. He proposed another vote to settle it. "Nonsense!" said Mr. Dwight, "let's flip a cent and decide it that way." Everybody agreed.

The coin was tossed! "Heads up!" Dwight won. The directors held a meeting and Regent T. W. Dwight was elected president of the club for the ensuing year. That penny was worth a dollar, regardless of its stamp and composition. Correlatively, we all remember how President Roosevelt once disposed of the South Dakota senatorial patronage and settled a dispute between Senators Kittredge and Gamble, by flipping a coin to the ceiling in the executive mansion.

In politics Mr. Dwight is a progressive republican (all good republicans are progressive), but he is not a bull mooser a la mode. He is so well balanced that he knows the difference between loyalty to a man's

political organization with a disposition to await one's call to office, and the rantankerous bucking against a man's party organization just because he failed to be its nominee for high office at a certain time. In other words, Regent Dwight is one of those regular progressives who believes that progress should be made gradually, systematically and collectively. He is one of those political rationalists whom a party, at the proper time, delights to honor, and one in whose hands they willingly place permanent leadership.

HIS WHEREABOUTS AND ROUNDABOUTS

Our good friend with whom we are concerned at this moment, Theodore William Dwight "shuffled (on) this mortal coil" (we hope he won't shuffle off for at least a half century) near Madison, Wisconsin, in Dane county, March 12, 1865. His ancestors were sturdy New Englanders—Hon. Timothy Dwight, D. D., one of the early presidents of Yale college, being among them.

Mr. Dwight's father was an adventuresome fellow. At twenty years of age, simply because a young lady with whom he was infatuated would not marry him, he ran away and went to sea, boarding a whale ship on which he cruised all over the world. On one occasion, while near the Madeira Islands,

east of Africa, they sighted a school of whales. The captain offered $10 to the first boat that would harpoon a whale and make him fast. The first mate's boat speared one. It angered the animal. He made direct for the second mate's boat in which was the senior Dwight and some of his comrades. The whale struck the boat a terrific blow with his tail and knocked in one whole side. Then, he came back and struck at them with his teeth, one tusk penetrating the bottom of the boat, between the second mate's knees. The mate tore off his shirt, wrapped it around one oar and made a plug which he thrust into the hole and kept the boat from sinking, while his comrades baled out the water. They finally got a rope onto the animal, made him fast to the whaler and secured the prize. The whale, itself, was sold for $3,000. One tusk of the animal is still in the Dwight family. When the elder Dwight returned, with a story of his successful adventures, the young lady who had rejected him, changed her mind and they were promptly married.

The Dwight family have been prominent in all walks of life. Justice Hughes, of the U. S. Supreme court, was formerly associated in law practice with one of Regent Dwight's uncles—the firm being, Carter,

Hughes and Dwight. Senator Root studied law under Prof. Theodore W. Dwight, of Columbia University.

Regent Dwight got his early education at Evansville, Wisconsin. Later, he graduated from the high school at Red Wing, Minnesota, with the class of '85. He was not able to complete his education because of poor eye sight. So after clerking for three years in a general store at Brooklyn, Wisconsin, he migrated to Dakota in the spring of 1888, settled at Bridgewater and engaged in the mercantile business.

Mr. Dwight remained in Bridgewater fourteen years, during which time he enjoyed the confidence and respect of the entire community. However, in 1902, he "pulled stakes" and moved to Sioux Falls, at which place he engaged in the insurance and loan business, being a member of the firm of Knowles, Dwight and Toohey.

PLAYING THE GAME

While Mr. Dwight was yet at Bridgewater he was elected to the state legislature in 1898, and was made chairman of the committee—one that requires the most exacting care. As its chairman he gave the state splendid service.

In the campaign of 1908, he acted as treasurer of the republican state central committee. His work was so successful that he was re-elected in 1910; and in addition thereto, as further appreciation of his services, Governor Vessey, in 1909, appointed him a member of the state board of regents, for six years. He has proved to be a valuable member of this board, and was made its vice president. In 1915, he was re-appointed on the board of regents and was made its president.

PERSONAL

Regent Dwight married Miss Jennie M. Brink of Red Wing, Minnesota. Two children bless their home—Helen and Edward. He is a member of the Presbyterian church, the U. C. T. and the Masons; also secretary of the South Dakota Society of Sons of the American Revolution.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Dwight came from good stock; that he has made good all along the line; that he is as yet but 48 years of age, in the prime of life, with good health, and, in the natural order of events, with a promising future still before him. He is one of the best read men in the state. In politics he has followed a course that has been entirely consistent. His manhood is

above reproach. He owns a fine home in Sioux Falls and is thoroughly established there. We will watch his future with interest and shall take pleasure in chronicling his success. May he mount high!

W. R. RONALD

IN NEWSPAPERDOM

"Style" in writing is just as pronounced and just as easily detected as style in dress. It is merely independence of thought, plus originality of expression. The literary style of some of our modern editors has become quite as flashy as some of the modern styles in dress, such as that of Elbertus Hubbard in "The Phillistine," of Clark in "Jim, Jam, Jems," and a few others.

But bringing the matter closer home, suppose that some "corporation hireling" (thanks to Mr. Crawford), for a stated fee, should write a public article and send it broadcast over the country, declaring that at heart President Woodrow Wilson is a high protectionist, the Argus-Leader would probably say, "Just to keep the record straight we refer the gentleman to President Wilson's speech of acceptance, last year." The Sioux Falls Press would treat it as follows: "We demur to this allegation, on the grounds of insufficiency of the evidence. It is merely some political clap-trap trumped up to affect the proposed tariff legislation now pending in congress." Perhaps the Huronite would say: "It is quite inconceivable to the average mind how any man, in view of the well-known facts, could become guilty of such editorial impropriety." The blunt,

hard-hitting, editor of the Yankton Herald would exclaim, "He lied!" while the Aberdeen News would put it thus, "The fellow must be a fool." However, when it came to the editor of the Mitchell Daily Repblican, William R. Ronald, the man about whom this article is to center, he would dispose of it thus: "One falters at the mental processes of a brain that could arrive at such a conclusion in view of all of President Wilson's well-known public declarations upon this important theme. The article was evidently written at the instigation of certain interested parties, and it may not be hard to guess who the coterie of individuals was that inspired it." It is just as easy to mimic their writings as it is their hand-writings. One is no more pronounced than the other. Each has an individuality about it quite as distinct as the other.

Mr. Ronald's style is pleasing. His editorials read smoothly. They are free from personalities and usually carry considerable conviction.

He was born at Granview, Iowa, in 1879. His grandfather on his father's side was one of the early pioneers in eastern Iowa. He it was who rode day and night on horseback for nearly sixty hours to reach the early convention where he cast the decid-

ing vote that made Iowa City, instead of Burlington, the old capital of Iowa.

William was unfortunate, in that his parents both died, only two weeks apart—the father, of disease, and the mother, of a broken heart—when he was but three years of age, leaving him to be reared by an old aunt on a farm near Wapello, Iowa. These old aunties frequently come in handy and they serve as the most respected substitutes for father and mother.

Just so in the case of Mr. Ronald. His aunt appreciated her responsibility. She sent the boy to a rural school, near by, and then put him through the Wapello high school. Cognizant of the fact that the best equipment for success in life is a liberal education, she next sent him over to Monmouth, Ill., where he graduated from the Monmouth college with the class of 1898.

A NEWSPAPER MAN

Immediately upon graduation, Mr. Ronald got it into his head that he wanted to be a newspaper man, so he went to Bussey, Iowa, and became identified with the "Tri-County Press." He rode a mustang pony over the counties, soliciting subscriptions for the paper. This was a tough beginning, but he already knew that if a man would be boss he must first learn to serve; that the safest

way to get to the top and stay there is to begin at the very bottom and work up.

Next he answered an advertisement in a newspaper, and as a result he was called to Marion, Indiana, where he was given employment on a weekly paper—first as a solicitor; then, business manager, and then to the editorial chair.

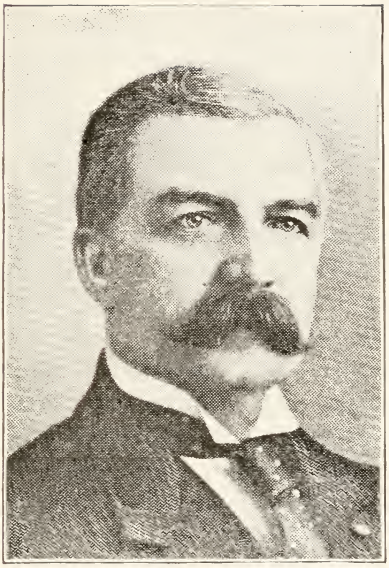
However, in 1901, he was called to Sioux City, Iowa, and given a position on the Tribune. Again he had to work up. He began as a reporter; was then made editor, and finally, managing editor.

His next move was to Sioux Falls, S. D., January 1, 1908, where he became editor of the Sioux Falls Daily Press. This position he held for nearly two years, making the Press a tremendous factor in the memorable campaign of 1908 that transferred the United States senatorship from Sioux Falls to Huron.

But Editor Ronald was anxious to get into the newspaper and general printing business for himself. He had "made good" in every field since he left college. Finally in November, 1909, he came to Mitchell, bought out the Mitchell Printing company, which was doing a general printing business and issuing a daily and a weekly paper, reorganized the firm and changed its name to

the "Mitchell Publishing Company," added new capital; put out a city salesman, two general salesmen and two subscription solicitors; tripled the circulation of the "Mitchell Daily Republilcan," and increased the general business of the firm 250 per cent. It was his ambition from the start, through the influence of the Daily Republican, to make Mitchell a commercial center and the distributing point for that section of the state. In this he has succeeded well.

Here has been a life of phenomenal success. An orphan at three years of age; a college graduate at nineteen; managing editor of a big daily at twenty-five; editor of one of the big South Dakota dailies and proprietor of one of the state's biggest printing establishments at thirty: this is the inspirational career of W. R. Ronald. He has set a swift pace, to be sure; but the future beckons him on, and if his pace does not slacken he will have won life's race by a splendid margin. Forward!



GEORGE A. PETTIGREW

THE STATE'S LEADING MASON

Free Masonry stands for advancement. Free Masons are progressives. Every community that has a strong masonic order shows a healthy growth. The most substantial citizens in most communities are masons. They are the town's builders, the town's leaders and the town's bulwark.

In fact the history of South Dakota is in a large measure the history of the de-

velopment of Free Masonry within the state. The first Masonic charter granted to a lodge in Dakota Territory was dated June 3, 1863. It was given to St. John's No. 166, of the jurisdiction of Iowa, for a lodge at Yankton. The second lodge was Incense No. 257, organized at Vermillion. From this time on, Free Masonry spread over the whole territory until today there are organizations of the order in every town of any considerable size throughout the state. Several magnificent temples have been built. The auxiliary organization of the Order of Eastern Star has taken firm root and grown quite as rapidly as the parent lodge itself. To subtract from Dakota what the Free and Accepted Masons have done to build it up, would be to turn backward the wheels of civic progress for over half a century.

Chief among this class of secret society people and public benefactors, is Dr. George A. Pettigrew, of Sioux Falls. (One should not confuse him with R. F. Pettigrew, our ex-United States senator.) We do not have in the state another man with such numerous friends. What gained them? Personality. If some one will explain what personality is, perhaps some of the rest of us might, to

a certain extent, cultivate it. Dr. Pettigrew has more than personality. He has personality, plus a rich, ripe, ideal manhood.

Dr. Pettigrew is a typical easterner. He was born in Ludlow, Vermont, on April 6, 1858. For a boyhood playmate he had Dr. F. A. Spafford, of Flandreau. His early education was acquired in the public schools and at Black River Academy. Later he attended the New London Literary and Scientific Institution—now known as Colby Institute—at New London, New Hampshire. Then he entered the medical department of Dartmouth college and was graduated as an M. D. with the class of 1882. His parents were comparatively poor. His scholastic preparation required an heroic struggle. While at Dartmouth, he served as a waiter for three summers at a hotel in the White mountains; first as an individual waiter and then as head writer with 28 others under him.

COMES WEST

Upon the completion of his medical course, he decided that the best opportunities down east had been seized by older men, and that if he were to mount up rapidly in his chosen profession or in a monied career, it would be better for him to strike westward.

Accordingly he came to Flandreau, South Dakota, and at once stuck out his local sign and began work. This was on February 2, 1883. The following June he was joined by his old boyhood chum, Dr. Spafford, and they formed a partnership for the practice of medicine and surgery. Dr. Spafford is at the "old stand" yet.

Dr. Pettigrew practiced for ten years at Flandreau. The country was new. Winters were severe. Travel was difficult. He lived thirty years instead of ten, during this period, if they could be measured by hardships and sacrifices. During one exceptionally hard blizzard, he lay out all night. His rugged manhood saved him.

While at Flandreau he also held the position of government surgeon to the Indians. Upon his retirement he turned this work over to Dr. Spafford. In addition to this, he was surgeon for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway company for eight years; surgeon of the second regiment of territorial guards 1885-93; surgeon-general of South Dakota for two terms under Governor Sheldon; member of the board of U. S. pension examiners, 1884-1901, with the exception of one year; and he was surgeon of the first and the second regiments of South Dakota state guards (after their organiza-

tion into a state guard), until the Spanish-American war. It will be recalled that Andrew E. Lee was our war governor. He was a rank democrat. Pettigrew was a radical republican. "Nuff said."

Dr. Pettigrew organized the Flandreau State bank in 1891, and he was elected its first president. This position he held until he resigned in September, 1903, to move to Sioux Falls. Away back in 1889, he had been elected grand secretary of the Grand Chapter (Masonic order). In 1893, he was elected grand secretary of the grand lodge; and in 1903 he was elected grand secretary of all the Masonic bodies in the state.

This made it advisable for him to move to Sioux Falls. At first he had his offices in the old Peck building. But he was very active in building the beautiful Masonic Temple in Sioux Falls, which was dedicated in June, 1906. In it he has accumulated the finest and costliest collection of ancient relics to be found in the state; also a library of ancient and modern literature without a parallel anywhere. He has it admirably classified into Theology (including an original copy of the famous "breeches" Bible), Sociology, Philosophy, Masonry and dozens

of other sections. Every Mason has free access to this valuable collection of famous works.

After going to Sioux Falls, Dr. Pettigrew showed himself to be the same active business man and public spirited citizen that he was at Flandreau. In a short time he was made president of the Sioux Falls Union Savings association, which position he held until 1914 when he resigned. During 1909-11, he served on the board of education in Sioux Falls as president. In this position he made an enviable record. While he was on the board, by applying to school affairs the same business instinct that a man gives to other business affairs (a thing, by the way, that you can seldom get men to do), he helped to raise the teachers' salaries in Sioux Falls 40 per cent without increasing the levy, and the board, in addition to this splendid showing, paid off their old school debt at the rate of $1,500 per month. It is impossible to estimate the value to any community of a man of his temperament and sagacity. South Dakota could use several of them at other points to good advantage just now. In 1914, he was re-elected president for another five-year term.

MARRIAGE

Our subject had prospered so well out west, in four years, that he decided to take unto himself a helpmeet; so he went back to Troy, New York, in the fall of 1887, and on October 19th was united in marriage to Miss Eudora Zulette Stearns. She was born at Felchville, Vermont, July 28, 1858. By a comparison of dates it will at once be seen that he is but three months and twenty-one days her senior. To assume that they had never met in their "younger days" would be to impoverish one's own imagination. Their marital blessing is an only daughter, Miss Addie, born September 17, 1890.

MASONIC RECORD

Reverting again to Dr. Pettigrew's Masonic record (it is as a Mason that he is best known), we deem it advisable to give it in full, not only as a matter of information to all readers of the Argus-Leader, but as an inspiration to others. It is doubtful if there are a half dozen other men in the United States with a record equal to his.

King Solomon Lodge No. 14, New Hampshire. Entered apprentice July 2, 1879; Fellow craft June 14, 1880; Master Mason, June 14, 1880; dimitted November 7, 1883.

Flandreau lodge No. 11, South Dakota. Admitted, January 5, 1884; secretary, 1884-1885; senior warden, 1886-1887; worshipful master, 1888-89; dimitted October 4, 1905.

Unity lodge No. 130, South Dakota, admitted November 3, 1905.

Minnehaha lodge No. 5, honorary member, April 8, 1908.

Grand lodge of South Dakota, A. F. and A. M., grand pursuivant, 1889; grand secretary, June 13, 1894, present time.

Chapter—Orient chapter No. 19, South Dakota—Mark master Mason, May 18, 1885; past master, May 21, 1885; most excellent master, May 22, 1885; Royal Arch Mason, May 27, 1885; secretary, 1886-87; principal sojourner, 1887-92; high priest, 1893; dimitted August 23, 1905.

Sioux Falls chapter No. 2, South Dakota—Admitted September 6, 1905.

Order of High Priesthood, South Dakota—Initiated June 11, 1896, at Huron.

Grand chapter of South Dakota, R. A. M.—Grand secretary, organization 1890 to June 1906; grand high priest, June, 1906-07; grand secretary, June, 1907,present time.

Grand representative grand chapter, Illinois since 1890.

Royal and Select Masters—Koda council, Flandreau, S. D.; royal master, Decem-

ber 18, 1894; select master, December 18, 1894; super excellent master, December 18, 1894; dimitted December 2, 1896.

Alpha council No. 1, Sioux Falls—Admitted November 7, 1903; thrice illustrious master, 1896-97; deputy master, 1903-15.

Cyrene Commandery No. 2, K. T.——Red Cross February 28, 1888; Knights Templar February 28, 1888; Knights of Malta—February 28, 1888; dimitted November 2, 1892.

Ivanhoe Commandery No. 13, Flandreau, S. D.—Charter member, June 30, 1893; captain general 1893-95; generalissimo, 1896; eminent commander, 1897; dimitted November 27, 1905.

Cyrene Commandery No. 2, Sioux Falls —Admitted December 5, 1905.

Grand Commandery K. T., South Dakota—Grand standard bearer 1892-3, grand recorder June, 1895-1906; grand commander, June 1907-08; grand recorder, 1908-present time.

Honorary member Grand Commandery of Iowa, August 9, 1907.

A. A. A. Scottish Rite, Alpha lodge of Perfection No. 1. Yankton, S. D., February 14, 1894; Mackey chapter, Yankton, February 15, 1894; Robert de Bruce council No. 2, February 16, 1894; Oriental Consistory

No. 2, Yankton, February 17, 1894; master of ceremonies, 1897; chancellor, 1899-1900; preceptor, 1901.

Khurum lodge of Perfection, charter member; Albert Pike chapter, Sioux Falls, charter member; Coeur de Leon council, Sioux Falls, charter member; Occidental Consistory No. 2, Sioux Falls, charter member.

K. C. C. H. at Washington October 19, 1897.

Honorary thirty-third degree January 16, 1900.

Deputy inspector general for Sioux Falls, November 28, 1902.

Royal Order of Scotland October 19, 1903.

A. A. O. N. M. S.—El Riad temple, Sioux Falls, June 8, 1899; held all intermediate offices, and elected potentate December 12, 1908; re-elected potentate December 15, 1909; grand representative New Orleans 1910; grand representative, Rochester, July 11, 1911.

Masonic Veteran's Association South Dakota, June 1, 1901, elected secretary June 14, 1911.

Order Eastern Star, Beulah chapter No. 2, Flandreau, charter member February, 1885; worthy patron 1885-6.

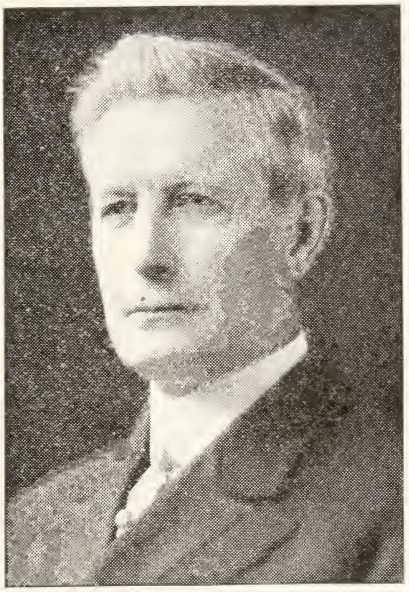
Grand chapter O. E. S., of South Dakota —The second grand patron, May, 1890; third grand patron, 1891; fourth grand patron, 1892.

Jasper chapter O. E. S. No. 4, Sioux Falls, admitted 1905.

General grand chapter O. E. S.—chairman board trustees 1907-10; right worthy associate grand patron, November, 1910.

Most worthy Grand Patron 1913 to present time.

St. George's Conclave No. 6, Red Cross of Constantine at St. Paul, Minn., April 25, 1911.



FRANK CRANE

EDUCATOR POLITICIAN

"He burned the books!"

"What books?"

"The republican campaign books!"

"Who did?"

"A man named Frank whose surname is Crane."

"Who said so?"

"His enemies."

"Does that prove anything?"

"No! Most certainly it doesn't. A man who is in politics nowadays is liable to be accused of almost anything."

"Did he ever affirm it? or deny it?"

"No. You remember, don't you? how when Christ was wrongfully accused before Pilate, the apostle says, 'He opened not his mouth.' "

IN'S AND OUT'S OF POLITICS

Having disposed of our expected climax, perhaps we can now proceed to our anti-climax with some degree of satisfaction to all concerned.

Mr. Crane was born at Sparta, Wis., December 14, 1855. Providence intended him for a Christmas present to his parents, but the change of eleven days in the Julian calendar caused Santa to arrive with him prematurely. He was educated in the public schools at Sparta, and later secured his master's degree at Gale college, Galesville, Wis.

In 1878, at the age of 23, and while yet a mere stripling of a lad, he made his way to Watertown, S. D., and was immediately employed as superintendent of the Watertown city schools. The country was new; Watertown was not very large; a few country schools were soon organized; and for a

few years Mr. Crane acted both as city and as county superintendents. Then he relinquished the city work for the county work exclusively, serving all told for ten years as superintendent of Codington county.

CRANE, THE POLITICIAN

However, in 1894, Mr. Crane got tangled up in politics on a wider scale and he became a candidate on the republican ticket for state superintendent of public instruction. This was logical. The modern philosopher would call it political induction—going from the known to the related unknown. Very well; Crane's horizon widened with his experience and his ambitions kept pace with his horizon.

He won out, and he made one of the most practical, sensible superintendents of public instruction that the state has ever had. But he had made some local political enemies at Watertown in the early days, so that when he came up for renomination at the Aberdeen convention in 1896, he was denied the support of his home delegation. This would have killed the average political aspirant—but not Frank Crane. Oh, no; not yet!

The Lawrence county delegation, headed by Prof. E. O. Garrett, principal of schools

at Spearfish (now resident agent in the north half of Nebraska for the American Book Co.) came to his rescue.

"Mr. Chairman!" shouted Garrett several times, while a fellow from Codington county was trying to "butt in" with an explanation as to why that county was withholding its support from Mr. Crane.

"Mr. Chairman!" yelled Garrett in stentorian tones, as he jumped upon a chair.

The presiding officer recognized him as having the floor.

"I rise," said Garrett, shaking his fist at the political malefactor from Codington county, "on behalf of Lawrence county, to place in nomination for superintendent of public instruction as his own successor in office a most distinguished citizen of this commonwealth, one who is a man among men and a gentleman among the ladies."

Pandemonium broke loose. A fellow from Hughes county shrieked himself hoarse trying to gain recognition from the chair. Finally, he succeeded; and on behalf of Hughes county, he seconded the nomination of Mr. Crane. Other counties rapidly swung into line, and he received the nomination in spite of his home delegation. (The primary law has now superseded the old convention system, so that today we are all denied the

exhilarating effect of these biennial political revivals) Crane went before the people, made a hand-shaking campaign, and despite the fact that the free silver craze was on and that the state at large went democratic, he was re-elected by something like a majority of 44 votes out of a total of 88,000. No man is ever whipped in politics until after the votes are counted. (Bryan isn't whipped then.)

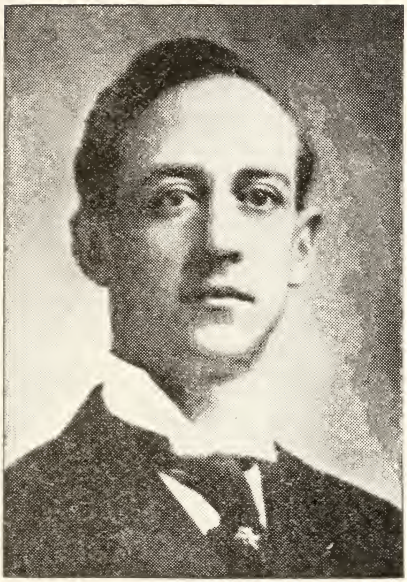
Near the close of Mr. Crane's second term as state superintendent, he was made secretary of the republican state central committee. In 1900, largely as a result of his own organizing ability, the state swung back into the republican column by a majority of 14,000. He was then made chairman of the committee, and in 1904, he saw the republican majority climb up to nearly 25,000.

LAWYER

During these eventful years Mr. Crane had been busy every spare moment, reading law—first at Watertown, and then at Pierre. In 1899, he passed the bar examination and was admitted. Later, upon application of Senator Kittredge, he was admitted to practice before the supreme court of the United States.

In March, 1901, Mr. Crane was appointed, or selected, chief clerk of the state supreme court of South Dakota. This position he held for twelve consecutive years. However, on January 7, 1913 he voluntarily resigned, and hereafter he will devote himself to a new line of out-of-door work.

Through all of his eventful career, he has been made happy by the companionship, since 1883, of Mrs. Crane—nee, Martha Crouch—a talented and estimable lady whose friends and personal acquaintances cover the entire state. Providence has left them childless; yet their home life has always been one of exceptional congeniality and hospitality. Good citizens! We love them.



EMORY HOBSON

OUR SUPERB MUSICIAN

Music, on earth, dates back to that eventful night in the Garden of Eden, when Eve, stepping softly and shyly amid the flowers, during the increasing twilight, hummed a little tune which mortal man had never before heard, to give herself courage, as she listened to the voice of God crying out to her companion, Adam, "Where art thou?"

From that day to this, the melodious strains of music, either vocal or instrumental, echoing down through the ages, have "soothed the savage beast," staid the lion's paw, protected the snake-charmer, encouraged the soldier, given hope to the penitent, comfort to the dying, cheer at the marriage altar, and rendered happy the toiling millions on the earth.

We are all influenced by it. "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not, who makes its laws," said a wise sage long ago. When Napoleon's army faltered near the crest of the Alps, he ordered all of his bands to play. The result was that he conquered the Alps and Italy, too. At Waterloo, the Highland piper playing

> His Scottish airs
> In the English squares.

turned Marshall Ney's charge into defeat and sent Napoleon to St. Helena. The inspiring strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" sent Grant's determined veterans up the slope of Missionary Ridge, swept the rebel hosts from the field, and that night the camp fires of the American republic, on the heights about Chattanooga, launched their red flames heavenward as a burnt offering to God. The words of the revivalist exhorter frequently fall deaf on the ears of the

hardened sinner, while the mellow accents of "Nearer, My God to Thee" rising softly from the throat of a sweet singer turn the same soul toward its God.

Instinctively our minds turn to the brave band on the ill-fated Titanic, remaining at their post of duty in the presence of certain death. Said the Washington Post: "There is sublimity about these men grouped around their leader in the shattered salon of the sinking liner, with all hope for themselves abandoned, playing for the encouragement of passengers and crew the gay tunes to which lately women in silk and diamonds had been dancing, and at the end swinging into the strains of that comforting hymn which knows in universal appeal no distinction of station, birth or nationality.

"And so the band of the Titanic was faithful according to tradition to the end, until, playing on and on, as the dark waters engulfed them, and the garish lights were snuffed out forever, their tired eyes beheld coming out of the darkness a celestial radiance, and their ears heard the first faint sound of that music which began where theirs left off."

MUSIC EVERYWHERE

This old world of ours abounds with music of various kinds everywhere for him

or her whose heart is attuned to its strains. The hubs of a buggy rattling against the shoulders of the axles, mingled with the clatter of the horses' hoofs, make music in the lovers' ears. Little Katydid, sitting in the harvest field, filing together her saw-toothed legs, gives to us our rasping autumn lays. The rumblings of nearby thunders are but the deep-toned diapason of the storm clouds, that sing us to sleep.

But music does not reach us exclusively through the sense of hearing. Sight steps in and gives to us an appreciation of the music found in the blending of tints and shades and the harmony of colors which the artist spreads upon the canvas. The builder lifts our souls heavenward as we view with increasing delight the music found in the harmonization and symmetry of the numerous parts that make up his lofty domes which form pillars for the skies. We open our dreamy eyes on a sunlit morn and laugh at the music in nature as we behold the God of Day in the east chasing the Goddess of Night to rest in the west while he "ascends the sapphired stars of heaven. . . . tops the hills with gold, paints the petals of every flower with gorgeous beauty and arrays nature in her shifting garment of loveliness."

As was said by Keats:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft piper, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

Then again, smell comes to the fore and gives to us another joyous sense of music in nature's realm as we step into a Pyncheon garden and inhale the delicate perfume of the flowers.

Yes, there is music all about us. Even literature is filled with it. Our heart strings tingle with melody as we repeat—

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes."

while we turn from rhythmic verse only to find music again in Stoddard's elegant prose:

"Where the keen Alpine air grows soft beneath the wooing of the Italian sun."

Think of it! There is music also in prayer. Man's soul is a "harp of a thousand strings." When the finger tips of God pick a few discordant notes on its sinful bass strings, man looks into that impassable gulf between the rich man and Lazarus but as the same Finger Tips trip off on the responsive strings of the upper clef those divine melodies that articulate the soul with its Creator, man intuitively hears with unborn ears the rhythmic echoes of his own prayer, "Thy will be done."

Music is, therefore, both vocal and instrumental, both physical and spiritual. We hear it in the brooklet's stream and feel it in the soul's response. It heaves the chest, pulsates the heart and mellows the soul. We listen to its merry peals in the bells that chime, to its lingering chord in the coronet's blast; to its soothing strains from the banjo's strings and to its dismal thump in the bass drums notes; but, after all, the sweetest music on the harp of life, ever listened to by mortal man—that which lingers with us all alike—is those angelic notes—our mother's voice, when she sang to us as a child, while we lay listening to her diminishing refrains of "Bye, Baby, Bye," as the unwelcome sand man from "God's Acre" dropped sand into our eyes until they became so clouded that we closed their blinking lids in silent sleep, and were ushered, amid deep-drawn breaths, into dreamland's realm.

ONE WHO FEELS AND KNOWS

We have purposely indulged in this seemingly extravagant introduction, so as to get our readers' minds surcharged with thoughts of music before we introduce them to our superb musician—a man whose soul wells up with melodious response to music

in every form—instructor of vocal music at Dakota Wesleyan university—Professor Emory Hobson.

Hobson's soul is ever attuned to music in nature's realm; to the stirring notes from the human throat, the warblings of the lark, the reverberating echoes of the violin, the choppy chords of the piano, or to the melody on the "Harp of the Senses." He lives in music, feasts on it, delights in it, feels it, radiates it, and gives a potent charm to its enchanting powers.

He is not homely, with a crooked nose; long-haired, deaf, blind or a recluse. Rather he is simply a neat, trim, up-to-date, twentieth century musician; possessed of none of the oddities that personalized the masters of old. He did not sink the Merrimac or gladden the hearts of 400 St. Louis belles with a press of his lips (although there may have been music even in that). Oh no; that was Lieutenant Richard P. Hobson.

PREPARATION AND EXPERIENCE

Professor Hobson was born at Paducah, Kentucky, in 1880. He came from a family of musicians. A musician must be born, not made. He must have the music germ in his blood before the musician can be developed, just as surely as the consumptive

must have a tubercular bacillus in his blood before the disease can be developed. Hobson is a born musician.

When he graduated at the college of music, he was given first rank in his class and presented with a gold medal.

In 1906, he was united in marriage to Miss Myrtle Sticker of Cincinnati. That same year Dr. Thomas Nicholson, former president of Dakota Wesleyan university, was raking the whole United States with a fine-mesh drag-net, to secure for his institution a man who could and would put the musical department on a basis that would command "respect at home" and give it "prestige abroad." His eagle eye caught Hobson; he was secured, and he and his young bride came directly to Mitchell where Professor Hobson for nine years struggled along with intelligent modesty, in a grand effort to make Mitchell one of the big music centers of the state.

MAY FESTIVALS

His first meritorious act was to organize the May festival. The first performance was given in connection with the famous Theodore Thomas orchestra, of Chicago. Hobson conducted the "Messiah" with a drilled

chorus that did most excellent work. Prof. Thomas himself was unstinted in his praise of the young musician.

The second year he gave the cantata "God's Own Time," by Bach, and "The Holy City" by Gaul, with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra; and each year since then he has appeared in the May festival with this grand musical combination.

The third year he gave "Olaf Trygrasson," by Greig; the fourth year, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," the fifth year, he gave "Brahm's Requiem," the greatest choral work ever written; the sixth year, he repeated "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," and gave with it the "Cantata of Gallia" by Gounod.

CHOIR WORK AND STUDENTS

In addition to this work Professor Hobson is of great service to the churches throughout the city. One year he gave Hayden's "Imperial Mass" with a chorus of fifty voices at the Holy Family church in Mitchell. It is very doubtful if this performance has ever been equaled or surpassed in the state.

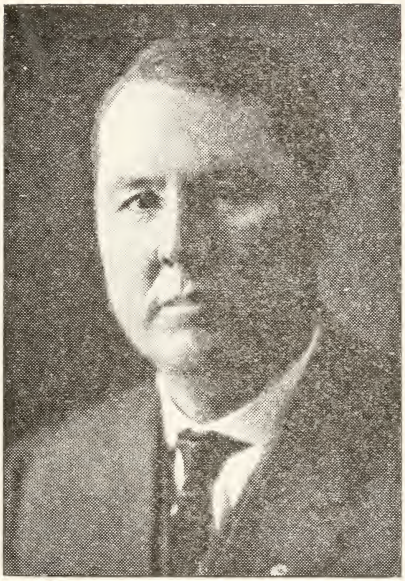
He also gives four concerts yearly for the benefit of the local M. E. church's musical fund, and he keeps in training a male

quartet that is simply superb. Professor Hobson also conducts the Methodist church choir each Sunday, and it is safe to say that the excellent work of this choir is no small factor in attracting the large congregation, ranging from 1,200 to 1,600 to that institution twice each Sunday.

His training which he gives to his pupils is so thorough that several of them have already won distinction outside of the state. Among these are Miss Emma Rempfer of Parkston; Miss Florence Morris of Mitchell, (recently married to Mr. Kingsbury at Hartford,) and Miss Jessie McDonald of Highmore.

We speak advisedly and with reservation when we say that he is beyond contradiction, the best instructor in voice that has as yet taken up work in the state. Under his direction the musical department at Dakota Wesleyan has been thoroughly organized and it has gained strength in numbers until today it has become the largest special department in the school. Such a man lives to bless his community, and, as well, the world at large.

In 1915 he was elected Professor of Music in the Northern Normal and Industrial School, at Aberdeen, S. D.



FRANK ANDERSON

HIS NAME IS "ANDERSON"

If your name were Anderson, just now, you would be in the lime light of politics. If your name were not Anderson, what would you wish it to be? (Perhaps, right now, Johnson; for Ed. Johnson is just going to the senate, Royal Johnson to congress, and one county reports four Johnsons on their ticket last fall with every single one of them

elected). However, the Hon. H. B. Anderson, retiring state auditor, has given the name of Anderson quite an impulse in this state.

"What's in a name?" asked a wiseacre years ago. Well, there must be something when on a state board of only five members—the regents of education—the governor either found it necessary or wise—perhaps as wise as it was necessary—to appoint two Andersons—The Honorable A. M. (forenoon) Anderson of Sturgis, the fellow who gets up in the "a. m." and does things, and the right Honorable Frank Anderson, of Webster, the party with whom "Who's Who" is today concerned.

A. M. has been on the board of regents for many years. His official record is enviable. So when the lamented Marcus P. Beebe, of Ipswich, a member of the regents of education, died last year, Governor Byrne decided he would try another Anderson on the board; and, therefore, without any equivocation, he gave orders that a commission as regent of education should be filled out at once and mailed to Attorney Frank Anderson of Webster. True, this made the board 40 per cent Andersons and 60 per cent lawyers, but it made a good board just the same.

Frank Anderson, or Regent Anderson—which ever style of salutation you prefer—was born on a farm in Fillmore county, Minnesota, October 18, 1870. He spent his boyhood on the farm at hard labor and attended rural school a few months each winter. Later, he attended Windom institute for two terms and then was enrolled for a couple years in the Anamosa (Iowa) high school. This makes two members of the board (Frank Anderson and Hitchcock), who did their high school work in the little penitentiary city of Anamosa (not as convicts, of course, but as real good boys.)

Like other boys who have had to help themselves, young Anderson's change became short—shorter than his trousers, for he was now a young man; so he entered the teaching profession for three years. From his earnings as a teacher he saved enough to help put himself through Valparaiso university law school, from which he was graduated in May 1899. (Hon. C. H. Lugg, superintendent of public instruction; his deputy, C. T. King; Superintendent W. O. Lamb of Hutchinson county, and a number of other prominent people in this state are alumni of the same institution. It really has helped to shape the history of our state.)

Six weeks after taking his law degree, young Anderson struck west and settled at Webster, S. D., where he promptly entered upon the practice of his chosen profession. His practice was large right from the start; so much so, that in a few months he ventured upon a still greater venture—matrimony. In the fall of 1899, he slipped back to Davis, Ill., a small town near Freeport, and was united in marriage to Miss Sophie Knudson.

The year after his marriage, Mr. Anderson formed a law partnership at Webster with Josephus Alley. This partnership continued for five years. Upon its dissolution, Mr. Anderson formed a new partnership with Attorney W. G. Waddel, which continues to this day.

Frank Anderson, like the Honorable H. B., has been in politics more or less all his life. In 1902 he was elected state's attorney for Day county; in 1908 he was elected again and re-elected in 1910.

Mr. Anderson was appointed Assistant U. S. District Attorney in the spring of 1911, but inasmuch as the position would have necessitated his removal to Sioux Falls, he declined the appointment.

He has a large following in his own county—so much so that Governor Byrne

contemplated appointing him circuit judge when Judge McNulty resigned to enter the congressional arena two years ago; but Mr. Anderson gave his own endorsement to Hon. Thomas L. Bouck who was tendered the position. However, we'll predict that he'll be a "judge" some day: he has that "judicial temperament" which Senator Beveridge told us so much about in the campaign of 1912.

W. G. SEAMAN

PRESIDENT DAKOTA WESLEYAN

Said the Reverend Dr. Jenkins in his introductory address to the students of Dakota Wesleyan at Mitchell, at the opening of school a year ago: "The committee to whom was assigned the responsibility of securing a new president for you, established their headquarters at a hotel in St. Louis; and oh! my, but it was hot. I never suffered

so with heat in all my life, etc., etc., etc., etc., but out of it we brought the right man, your new president, Dr. William Grant Seaman, of De Pauw university, who will now address you."

Jumping to his feet to acknowledge with polite bows the hailstorm of applause which he was receiving, Dr. Seaman, with a broad grin on his face, said, as soon as the excitement had died down: "Yes; I remember now, the story of a man who used to live in St. Louis. He died and went to hell. As soon as he got there he sent back to St. Louis for his overcoat."

(Prolonged applause.)

This was a superb hit. Right then and there the students of Dakota Wesleyan saw that they were not to be presidentialized by a "dead head;" but rather that a mixer—a give and take fellow—a real live wire, if you please—had been selected to lead them on. In other words, as Dr. Jenkins had said, they had gotten the "right man" for the place.

Dr. Seaman is a man of strong democratic tendencies—a common everyday fellow whose position does not swell his head but merely enlarges his heart. He is jovial, keen and witty; yet, pious, deep, reverent, grand and good. He's a companionable fel-

low—one that you like to snuggle up to as your personal friend—one who makes you feel at home in his presence; in fact, just the kind of a man by temperament and training that is needed for such a job as he now holds.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM GRANT SEAMAN

Nicholson came to Dakota Wesleyan as president when he was forty-four years of age. Kerfoot followed him at forty-three. Dr. Seaman took hold of the reins, four years ago, at the age of forty-six. The little village of Wakarusa, in northern Indiana, was honored with his birth on a calm November morning in 1866. Dr. Seaman, therefore, entered life with the advent of a new age. The civil war had closed. Lincoln had passed from the stage of action to a marble tomb in Illinois. The South was to be reconstructed. Men who had won distinction on the field of battle in extinguishing the Confederacy, were shrewdly seeking political recognition. Grant, Garfield, Hayes and others had to be "cared for." As yet a Southerner sat in the presidential chair. The recognized writers of the nineteenth century were all getting old and leaving their literary works behind them as a lasting heritage for future generations. Science, art and invention were daily revealing new things. If the boy should catch the progres-

sive spirit of his age, make suitable preparation for life and plunge in, he had every chance to win. He did it; the result is upon us. Dakota Wesleyan never had a more vigorous president nor a better organizer than she has today in Dr. Seaman.

DEVELOPED YOUNG

As a boy he was abnormally bright. He passed a creditable teachers' examination at the age of fourteen and taught his first school at fifteen. Most boys at that age are just entering the high school. He therefore developed young. In actual experience it will be seen that he is at least ten years in advance of his age.

TRAINED SINGER

After his teaching experience he prepared for college at Fort Wayne Acadamy. From there he went to De Pauw where he took his full college course. While at De Pauw he also specialized on music. He has a sweet, well trained voice. And after his graduation he at once became a member of the famous DePauw Male Quartette, which sang from one side of the continent to the other. After following this line of endeavor for a year he resigned to accept the M. E. pastorate at Anderson, Indiana.

Dr. Seaman supplied the pastorate at Anderson for nearly a year and then went to Boston where he spent four years studying theology and philosophy preparatory to receiving his Doctorate of Philosophy which was granted to him in 1897, at the age of thirty-one.

Intermingled with these other experiences, he preached at Ludbury, Mass., 1893-1898; at State Street M. E. church, Springfield, Mass., 1898-1900; and at Wesley church, Salem, Mass., 1900-04.

RETURNS TO TEACHING

In the fall of 1904, President Hughes (now Bishop Hughes), called Dr. Seaman back to his Alma Mater and made him Professor of Philosophy in DePauw university. He occupied this chair for eight consecutive years until he was chosen president of Dakota Wesleyan in the fall of 1912.

It is due to Dr. Seaman to say that he was not an applicant for the presidency of Dakota Wesleyan. Some friend suggested him. The suggestion reached the ears of Bishop Hughes; he urged it. His record was looked up. When it was placed before the scholarly, Dr. Weir, of the D. W. U., he looked it over and remarked: "His training is respectable and his experience is ade-

quate." That settled it. The committee called on him. A prompt decision was reached that they had been guided to the proper man. There was no parleying. They urged that he accept; he did! It was a clear-cut case of a position seeking a man—an uncommon occurrence nowadays.

AS PRESIDENT

His work as president of Dakota Wesleyan for the past four years has already attested his pre-eminent fitness for the place that sought him. As a school organizer, he has had no superiors among his able predecessors.

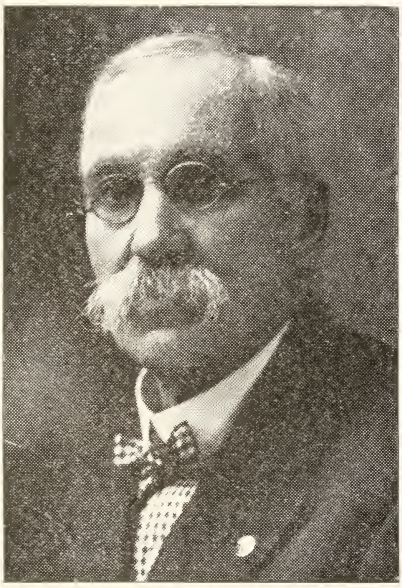
When one walks into his office, he sees hanging upon the wall a map of South Dakota, about two feet wide and three feet long. On it he at once notices a lot of small hat pins with various colored heads, sticking either singly or in groups in the tiny dots that indicate the various towns of the state. These pins show the number of students that are enrolled at Dakota Wesleyan from each of the different cities, towns and villages in South Dakota. Then, on the border of the map are some small hand-made countries and states, with pins sticking in them to denote the enrollment from outside the state. Last year there were several of

these little "outside" squares—one marked "England" with one pin in it; another, Colorado with one pin; Ohio, 2; North Dakota, 3; Indiana, 1; Minnesota, 4; Iowa, 5.

Then, again, these pins bear other significance. They have, as previously stated, various colored heads. The ones with large black heads denote the pupils of college rank; those with small black heads, academy rank; large red heads, college normal; small red heads, academy normal; large white heads, college commercial, small white heads, academy commercial; while the blue headed ones indicate music. It is a unique thing, and it conveys a number of important ideas not herein enumerated.

Dr. Seaman is a rapid public speaker, with a clear easy address; and he has the ability to think on his feet. He usually speaks without either manuscript or notes, and shows by his intense earnestness that he has long since mastered the enviable art of thought-getting and word-getting while standing on his feet before an audience. In other words he is an unusually strong impromptu speaker.

South Dakota profits by his coming to our state; Methodism prospers, the D. W. U. grows stronger, education is enhanced, and society blessed. Welcome! thrice welcome!



J. B. GOSSAGE

"JOURNAL" MAN AND JOURNEYMAN

The laurels for the longest continuous service on a newspaper in this state, to date, must go to Joseph Brooks Gossage, of the "Rapid City Journal." He started the paper and got out the first issue on January 5, 1878; and at the time of this publication, 1916, he is still at the helm and is putting

out one of the very best dailies in the state, thus giving to him over thirty-seven years of continuous service. Hats off!

At the time he established the Journal, there were in that part of Dakota Territory which now comprises South Dakota but fifteen other papers. These were as follows as shown by Pettingill's Newspaper Directory:

Bon Homme Dakota Citizen: Thursdays; Independent; A. J. Cogan, publisher; established in 1877.

Canton Advocate: Wednesdays; republican; Carter Bros., publishers; circulation 350.

Canton Sioux Valley News; Saturdays; N. C. Nash, publisher.

Deadwood City Black Hills Miner, daily, except Mondays; democratic; W. D. Knight, publisher; circulation 800.

Deadwood Black Hills Pioneer; daily morning; and weekly, Saturdays; A. W. Herrick, publisher.

Deadwood Times, daily and weekly, Sundays; Porter Warner, proprietor, L. F. Whitbeck, editor.

Elk Point, Union County Courier; Wednesdays; republican; C. F. Mallahan, publisher.

Sioux Falls Independent; Thursdays; independent; F. E. Everett, publisher.

Sioux Falls Pantagraph; Wednesdays; republican; Geo. M. Smith & Co., publishers; circulation, 580.

Swan Lake Era, Thursdays; independent; H. B. Chaffee, publisher.

Springfield Times; Thursday; republican; L. D. Poore, publisher.

Vermillion Dakota Republican; Thursdays; Mrs. C. H. True, publisher; circulation, 600.

Vermillion Standard; Thursdays; republican; L. W. Chandler, publisher.

Yankton Press and Dakotan; daily; evening and weekly; Thursdays; republican, Bowen & Kingsbury, publishers.

Yankton Dakota Herald; Saturdays, democratic; Taylor Bros., publishers; circulation, 1,056.

Where are these early editorial pioneers today?—these men, who, in the early days, when the buffalo yet roamed the plains and the Indians refused to heed the strong arm of the law, stood unflinchingly at their posts of duty, heralding praises of the west and sounded long and loud the eloquent tocsin of invitation to the east to come west and help to build an empire along the upper Missouri?

Ah! their work is nearly finished. Most of them have climbed the golden rungs of Jacob's ladder

"From the lowly earth,
To the vaulted skies."

and they are enjoying the fellowship of Angeldom while they await the arrival of their contemporaneous writers. The state owes them a debt it can never pay. Silence their pencils in the long-gone years of our historic past and you would at once reduce Dakota to a semi-arid Indian region, peopled here and there by cattle rustlers and fugitives from justice. They deserve well.

Mr. Gossage, unlike most of our pioneer editors who came from "down east," is really a westerner. He was born at Ottumwa, Ia., May 19, 1852. His grandmother was the first white woman in Wapello county, having moved there before the treaty had been signed by the Indians surrendering it to the Whites.

His father died when Joe was nine years of age; the home was broken up and our lad, together with his mother and brother, went to live with his grandparents. He was a mischievous little rascal and absolutely refused to go to school. Therefore, his grandparents apprenticed him for five years in the "Courier" office at Ottumwa, to

learn the printers' trade. The first year, he received the princely salary of $1.00 per week; the second, third and fourth years he got a raise each year of $1.00 per week. The fifth year he was made foreman and was raised twice. The first six months he got $5 per week, and the last six, $8 per week. Nevertheless when his "time was up" he had learned a substantial trade and was prepared for the conflict of life.

SEEKS CITY

At 16 years of age, he went to Chicago, and worked for the large printing establishment of Rounds & James—afterwards Rounds & Kane. He remained with them for a year and then joined the force of the old "Chicago Republican." Here he staid for six months and then became identified with the National Printing Co., of Chicago. He was with them at the time of the big Chicago fire, and was receiving $35 per week. After the fire, he returned to Ottumwa, and once more became identified with the Courier—the old plant in which he had learned his trade.

CONTINUES TO ROVE

After tiring of the old haunts around Ottumwa, he struck out for Pekin, Ill., and went to work on the "Pekin Register." Inter-

mingled with and antedating some of these experiences, he shot across the country to Sioux City, and assisted Caldwell and Stahl in getting out the first issue of the "Sioux City Journal," on April 12, 1870. Digressing momentarily, we beg leave to add that Caldwell, after many years at Sioux Falls, returned to Sioux City where he is and has been for some time, identified with the Journal, while Stahl went to Madison, this state, and established the "Madison Leader," which he still publishes.

Gossage went to Eldora, Ia., in the spring of 1872, and took charge of the "Eldora Herald." Its earning power had been misrepresented to him, so he threw it up in a few months and drifted over to Lincoln, Ill. Shortly thereafter his mother died at Ottumwa, Ia., and he started to attend her funeral, but the train was wrecked and he got there too late to take a "last look" at the dear old face.

After this experience he migrated to Marshalltown, Ia., and took charge of the "Marshalltown Times." At the end of six months he again pulled stakes and landed in Cedar Rapids, where he became identified with the "Cedar Rapids Republican."

Here he remained but a short time. In mid-summer, 1873, he struck west, landed in

Omaha, and accepted a position in the "Omaha Republican" job office. However, in December of the same year, his roving spirit took possession of him and he strayed over to Sydney, Neb., and assumed control of the "Sydney Telegraph."

ESTABLISHED "JOURNAL"

He owned and published the Sydney Telegraph for five years. Although he did not sell the plant until May, 1878, he had, nevertheless, five months before, gone to Rapid City, S. D., and established the "Rapid City Journal." He got out the first issue on January 5, 1878, and every succeeding issue since—a period of thirty-eight years and four months. Thus to him must go the distinction of the longest continuous service on the same newspaper, of any man in the state. Hackett, of Parker, enjoys the distinction of having been in the newspaper business in South Dakota longer than any other man—a period of forty years, but his continuous service on one paper lacks from January 5, 1878, to October 15, 1878, of matching that of Gossage.

At the time of establishing the Rapid City Journal, Gossage had been connected with twelve other newspaper plants. The Journal made his thirteenth. This proved to be his lucky number, and so he settled down.

The Journal was first a weekly, but on February 2, 1886, it was converted into a daily, in which form it is still maintained. A recent copy of the "Inland Printer" gives two photographic reproductions of the entire face page of the Journal, and it compliments Mr. Gossage very highly on the artistic appearance of the paper.

Too much credit can not be given to Mrs. Gossage for the part she has played in making the Journal what it is today. She was formerly Miss Alice Bower of Vermillion. Her tastes were naturally distinctly western. For twenty-eight years she has done editorial work on the paper and had charge of the business management. She is a keen writer, well balanced, and a lady of unusual business instinct.

In addition to his newspaper work, Mr. Gossage was a member of the old territorial board of trustees of the School of Mines, at Rapid City, having been appointed to the position by Territorial Governor Pierce.

Mr. Gossage's befriending old Sergeant Preacher, and the relationships established between the two, form a unique and pathetic story. Our next "Who's Who" article will, therefore, deal with Preacher.

CHARLES B. PREACHER

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

Personally, I have always taken more pleasure in writing eulogies of the living than obituaries of the dead. For this reason, in my long series of "Who's Who in South Dakota" articles, I have confined myself to paeans of praise for the living; while now, for once, I wish to indulge myself in praise and reverence for the dead.

Here and there, through the pages of history, there looms up above the horizon the name of a man who was evidently a soldier of fortune; that is, one whom fortune seemed to favor. Some would say, "a man possessed of a guardian angel;" others would say, "one favored by the Gods." For instance, John Smith, of the Jamestown colony, Michael Ney, Napoleon's dashing cavalry leader; Israel Putnam, of revolutionary fame; or Theodore Roosevelt, the hero of San Juan.

Such a soldier was Charles B. Preacher, the old first sergeant of Co. M., First South Dakota Volunteers, that served in the Philippines. No other man in that fighting regiment, and in all probability, no other man in this state, or perhaps in any other state, ever had a career like his—one filled with so many triumphs over death, at such critical moments when some strange power seemed suddenly and unbidden to come to his rescue. His biography, among those of the living, merits a conspicuous place.

BORN ABROAD

Preacher's parents were wealthy southerners. Their name was Berry; how his happened to be "Preacher," we shall later see. His parents were on a trip abroad at

the time of his birth, so that he came into being in London, England. This fact became a great "fact"—in in his life later on.

IN CIVIL WAR

Nothing is known of him after his birth until the breaking out of our (un)-civil war. At that time he was a student at Washington-Jefferson college. He suddenly disappeared and showed up next as an orderly for General Lee of the Confederate forces. While carrying a message to the general, from President Jeff Davis, during the battle of Malvern Hill, he was shot clear through, sidewise—the ball passing through both lungs. With Preacher, as with many others in life—their misfortunes are their blessings, if they will only await the results. Prior to the time he received this severe wound, he had weak lungs. After some "Yank" drained them for him he was well and rugged.

CAPTURED IN MEXICO

After the civil war was over, he went to Old Mexico and joined Maximillian's army of invasion. On account of his superior military knowledge he was given a position on Maximillian's staff; and when the latter was captured, Preacher was captured with him. They were both sentenced to be shot. The night before they were to die, Preacher

caught the sentry who was guarding him, unaware, overpowered him, seized his gun and made his escape.

IN CUBA AND SPAIN

He wended his way stealthily to the seashore and embarked for Cuba. Here he joined the forces of Don Carlos who took him along to Spain. During the Spanish conflict, he was shot in the leg; was captured and sentenced to be shot. He at once dispatched a note to the English consul, which set forth the fact that he was born in London and declared himself to be an English subject. The consul promptly saved him. A strange fate seemed ever to be with him.

UNDER TWO MORE FLAGS

When his wound had thoroughly healed, he went to Russia and enlisted in the Russian navy. After serving one year, he was, at his own request, transferred to the Russian army. He served till the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. Then he deserted the Russian army and joined the French troops. He served through the war without meeting with any personal disaster.

RETURN TO UNITED STATES

At the close of the war, he came back to the United States; married, and settled in West Virginia, where he took up the work of a traveling evangelist and preached to the

Alleghany mountaineers. They all called him "Preacher," and it somehow became his permanent name—possibly on account of his wife. "A woman in the deal," you say. Exactly so! This was what he needed to change the tenor of his life.

No external force between the cradle and the grave exercises so much influence over a man as his wife. She makes him or breaks him. Preacher's wife did both—she made him, and then proved untrue. They parted. He lost faith in humanity and struck for the army. The 16th Infantry took him in. He re-enlisted with this regiment until he finally reached the age limit—45 years—while they were stationed at Ft. Meade, South Dakota, and he was kicked out.

Then he went to Rapid City and ran a restaurant for awhile. But the demon, rum, plus the other demon, a faithless wife, had ruined him. Hope had fled; will power was ruined; manhood was gone; what should he do? At moments like these

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

That friend showed up. He was none other than Joseph B. Gossage, editor and proprietor of the Rapid City Journal. Gossage took him into his own home, sobered him up, befriended him, and tried to make a man of him.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR SOLDIER

Finally, Mr. Gossage got him a job herding sheep. This kept him out of town most of the time and away from booze, so that he gradually grew better.

The "Maine" was blown up, Congress declared war. Preacher's hour was at hand. He walked to Rapid City, peniless; joined company "M" of the state guards, and was made first sergeant. He swore his age was 43, as shown by the regimental records, but when he was killed the next year, the evidence in his private effects showed him to be 57.

When the company started to Sioux Falls for mobilization, Gossage gave Mr. Preacher $10, and arranged with him to act as war correspondent for the Journal. This Preacher did in a clever manner, and the old files of that paper during 1898 and early in 1899 abound in his breezy reports from the scene of action.

MUSIC IN PROFANITY

During my own varied career as a farm boy driving oxen, as a teacher, soldier and traveling salesman, I have heard men swear in the most vicious and, sometimes, entertaining fashion, but in all my experience I never heard a man who did swear or could swear by note as did old Sergeant Preacher.

It was really musical. He was so fluent, his oaths came so easily, and he used so many profane expressions, born out of his broad experience in soldiering with so many different tongues in his early days, that he invariably attracted the attention of all within the range of his voice and entertained them mightily as he waxed eloquent.

I do not wish to grow too personal, nor do I wish to be irreverent to his memory when I recite one specific instance. We were about two days from Honolulu on our outgoing trip to the Philippines. The noon hour was at hand. The boys were lounging on the upper deck waiting for soup (so-called) to be served. The members in Company "M" had gotten outside of the cramped space on the deck allotted to them and were interfering with the affairs of Company "G." When Sergeant Preacher came up the hatchway, followed by a detail from his own company who was bringing up a dish pan filled with soup, a sergeant in Company "G" made complaint to him about the intrusion of his company. Preacher halted the detail, ordered his own men inside of their inadequate space, and then tore loose at them in a torrent of profanity that was the most musical and gliding of anything I had ever heard. Such a volubility of unique expres-

sions! Such emphasis on the main oaths! Such delsarte—elocution and profane oratory!—I doubt if any man ever lived who could have equalled or surpassed the effort. He seemed, as Disraeli said of Gladstone, "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." An entire battalion stopped their mess to listen to him. Strange to say! not a man in his own company got mad at him for it. His excessive outburst, although directed at them, was no doubt quite as entertaining to them as to others.

FATE

The first two battalions of the South Dakota regiment reached Manila bay about nine o'clock in the forenoon, August 24, 1898, and that afternoon they were put ashore at the village of Cavite, seven miles south and a trifle west of Manila, across the neck of the bay. The other battalion soon arrived also; the regiment was united; remained in Cavite two weeks; was transferred to Manila, quartered there for six months, and then became a part of General McArthur's army of invasion for the capture of Aguinaldo, the subduing of the rebellious Filipinos and the establishment of American sovereignty throughout the archipelego.

On March 23, 1899—the morning before the advance was to have been begun that

cost the lives of so many brave boys—Sergeant Preacher wrote to Mr. Gossage the following letter:

"Dear Joe: We have just received orders to bivouac tonight a short distance ahead of our present position, and to advance at 4:00 a. m. tomorrow.

"That means business. If I get out with a whole skin I will write you a long letter as soon as possible. If I lose the number of my mess—well, good-bye, old man, it is all right. You will understand that it is not buncombe to say at this time that I cheerfully lay my life on the altar of patriotism. But, if I am spared the sacrifice, I will try to live for—as I am ready to die for—my country.

"All the boys feel the same way and cold feet are scarce. Captain Medbury and Lieutenant Young, are jollying each other like a pair of kids, and as soon as I can I will be with them.

"Remember me to any who inquire about me, and depend upon your Journal correspondent to do his duty to the best of his ability. Your friend,

Charles B. Preacher."

The advance was made two days later—March 25th. It had its sacrifices, Preacher was spared. The Filipinos were forced back about nine miles. The next day, March 26th,

the South Dakota regiment was marched off of the field in a column of fours, by the left flank, and shortly after dinner plunged into the battle of Polo. The next day, March 27th, was Marilao—Marilao! Will those who were there ever forget it?

The balls came pell-mell
Like a moulten hell,
Smiting us left and right,
We rose or fell
While through the dell
We rushed for yonder height.

Preacher rushed—but only part way. Not far from the heroic regimental adjutant, Lieutenant Jonas H. Lien, who lay in the throes of death, Preacher, too, went down. He died "game to the core." His body was interred at Manila. Eleven months later, Mr. Gossage received this telegram:

"San Francisco, Feb. 14, 1900.—J. B. Gossage, Rapid City—Remains late Charles Preacher, Sergeant "M", First South Dakota, sent your care 6 o'clock tonight by W. F. express.—Long, Depot Q. M."

(Continued in the following article.)

REV. GUY P. SQUIRE WRITES ABOUT THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE OLD SERGEANT

Editor Argus-Leader: I was very much interested in Mr. Coursey's "Who's Who" article on Sergeant Preacher. Also a member of Co. F, First South Dakota Infantry, I was

shot in the right side in the fight at the Marilao river, and with Sergeant Preacher was taken that night on the same car back to Manila. We were laid side by side in a train of freight cars, eighteen in number, in which, as carefully as could be done, our soldier engineer ran us back the eighteen miles to Manila to the city wharf. There we were disembarked and placed upon a launch which conveyed us up the Pisig river to where a door of the First Reserve hospital opened on to the river, then we were taken out and carried to the operating room where at two tables the surgeons were soon at work on their mission of mercy. So many were there that the rooms surrounding the operating room were completely covered with the litters of the boys, where they lay chatting and smoking amid the groans of the dying, talking over the events of that terribly eventful day. Finally it came my turn and after having my wound dressed I was taken to ward 18, a ward made of large "A" tents erected on a platform outside the quadrangle of wards of the regular hospital, as that was full, having at the time over 900 men in it. About 3:00 o'clock in the morning I was placed in a bed in this ward, the first springs that I had been laid on in a year. I had been on guard without sleep throughout the

previous night, after having passed through the fierce fight at Meycanayan, and after that day's fighting at Marilao and with the suffering from my wound I was as nearly in a state of collapse as I well could be.

Never will I forget the sense of delicious ease that stole over me as they laid me, my wound dressed, down upon those soft white sheets. There were over 60 men, all wounded cases in this ward, shot in every manner describable and indescribable, and among them was heroic old Sergeant Preacher. The ball had crashed through the center of his chest, making a wound through which the blood constantly oozed as he breathed, and had lodged so close to the surface beneath his right shoulder blade that its location was clearly visible, the flesh blackening at the spot.

The old man was forced to gasp for every breath he drew, and each inhalation must have cost him excruciating pain. He persuaded the nurse, Miss Betts, the next day to have him taken to the operating room for a further examination. More to humor the old man than anything else the ward-master consented and it was done, though somewhat hastily, as it was absolutely known that he could not live. A few "hypos" were administered to relieve his pain and the old

man was brought back to his cot with the assurance that he was "coming along all right", that there would have to be a little operation by and by but as they were very busy he would have to wait. The surgeon in charge of the hospital was Major Crosby, a splendid, kind hearted man, but it was difficult even to breathe with the press of his work and consequently he was somewhat short and gruff. The old sergeant noticed this and turning to me, from whose cot he lay just opposite, he enquired, pausing for breath between each word, "Who—is—that —surgeon—anyway?" He was told that his name was Major Crosby. "Well," said the sergeant, "He—is—a—'Cross—boy'—isn't —he?" Think of it! Dying and fighting for every breath, this old American soldier stopped to smile, to crack a joke and pun upon the name of this doctor! Later on as the sun was beating fiercely down on the tents in the heart of the day, as help was scarce, and there was no one to be constantly in attendance upon him I got myself into a position where I could fan him as he lay struggling for breath. I would give a great deal now if I could recall the snatches of sentences he uttered at that time with the death-dew on his brow, but I can not recall them clearly enough to reproduce them ver-

batim. Suffice it to say that there were visions of a far off home, of other battlefields, and of faces that he had "loved and lost awhile." It came evening and the shadows deepened. The old man knew me as one of the boys of South Dakota. I had met him, too, at some of the little gospel services when a dozen or so of the boys had gathered with Chaplain Daley for a few words of prayer and Christian praise together. I know not what the old soldier was thinking of when he said it, whether it was the glory of the charge that the regiment made that day at Marilao river or any thought of the Dark river that he knew full well lay just before his feet. But looking into my face he said with a smile through his pain and weakness, "We're—all—right,'—aren't we?"

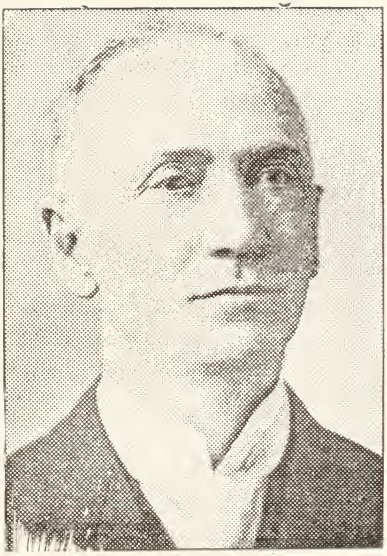
Twilight passed, the cathedral bells in the walled city just across the moat had rung the vesper hour and from the barracks came sounds of retreat, tattoo and taps. The old man's ear must have caught them for the last time for he stirred uneasily. I looked at Miss Betts questioningly with an inclination of my head toward the cot of the old man, and she shook her head negatively. As the darkness fell and the quiet of the night came on the struggle for breath grew keener until it could be heard throughout the length of

the ward. He was dying hard, fighting for every inch of his ground. He half raised himself on his elbow, "I—hope—I—don't —bother—you—fellows!" gasped he, falling back on his pillow as he finished his statement. That was the last coherent sentence. The night wore on. Midnight came. Down at the guardhouse the relief would be falling in for the change of guard. "Third—relief!—Fall in! Where—is—that—lazy devil!" Can't—you—turn—out—when—your—relief—is—called?" The old sergeant in delirium was turning out the guard for the last relief. "M"—Co.—all—present—and—accounted—for sir!" It was morning and roll call, and he was turning in his report to a sleepy lieutenant. Now the talk was just a gasping babble. I lay listening for the end. The hushed voices became an indistinct murmur and I knew no more.

It was morning. I looked over to the old sergeant's cot. He and the bed clothing had disappeared. The mattress was rolled half back. The sun was shining brightly without. Nurse Betts was taking temperatures and the hospital corps boys were passing out the dishes for breakfast. Some of the boys propped up in bed had lit up their pipes and cigarettes and were chatting gaily. None of us mentioned it, but all of us down

in our hearts were glad that peace had come to the old man, and that his pain and his sufferings were over. Comrade Coursey may place many and many a star in the galaxy of fame that comprises his "Who's Who in South Dakota," but he never will place a more worthy one there than he did when he wrote in them the name of Charles B. Preacher. He served in the ranks and he carried a gun, but no man that wore a shoulder strap or brandished a sword was more worthy of the title "Soldier and Gentleman" than he.

Guy P. Squire.
Late Private Co. F, First South Dakota Volunteer Infantry.
Humboldt, S. D.



DR. W. H. THRALL

A SUPERB ORGANIZER

It was Sunday morning, May 8, 1898. The battle of Manila bay had been fought and won by Admiral Dewey on the previous Sunday. The heart of the nation was throbbing with patriotic pride. The First South Dakota infantry, U. S. volunteers, were in camp on the old Sioux river bottom at Sioux Falls. A large tent had been pitched at the southeast corner of the ground in which to

hold services for the soldier boys. At a stirring time like that a magnetic, inspirational orator was needed to deliver the address. The Reverend W. H. Thrall of Huron came out to camp to visit his neighbor, Chaplain C. M. Daley, of his home city; and so our preacher-educator, Dr. Thrall, was selected as orator for the occasion.

Taking the battle of Manila bay as his text—a text in keeping with the occasion—the gifted orator made the eagle scream for an hour as he unfolded the duties and responsibilities of good citizenship. The address set forth in a beautiful strain of inspiring eloquence the obligations of every man to that country under whose flag he enjoys his citizenship. The effect was electrical. Many who had merely wandered into camp for a day or two, thinking to return home again, went the next morning to headquarters and promptly enlisted. Telegrams were sent to the companies raised at Woonsocket and at other points not to come, that the regiment was full to overflowing and that men were being turned away by the hundreds; in fact South Dakota sent to the war including Grigsby's rough riders, just three times her quota under the call.

Throughout the long campaign in the Philippines, and especially as the South Da-

kota boys stood on the banks of Manila bay and saw lying therein the shell-riven wrecks which Dr. Thrall had so vividly painted to them with his brush-tipped tongue at Sioux Falls the year before, they frequently referred to that eloquent address that had caused them to enlist.

Dr. Thrall comes from prominent New England stock. His ancestors, John Holland and Elizabeth Tillie, came over on the Mayflower. His immediate ancestors on his mother's side—the Bowmans—had charge of the "minute men" of Massachusetts for fifty years prior to the eventful morning near Lexington when these famous colonial troops

"Fired the shot heard 'round the world."

W. H., himself, was born at Kewanee, Ill., February 25, 1854. His father was a Congregational minister. As a result, the boy was raised in town. He was educated in the public schools of the various towns in which his father preached. Finally, when William was a lad well along in his teens, the family moved to Galesburg, Ill., where he attended high school. Here he also attended Knox College until he was well along in his junior year. From there he went to Amherst college, where he remained for two years, taking his A. B. degree with the class of 1877. Yale granted him his B. D. in

1881. Amherst gave him his master's degree in 1882; and Redfield college honored him with his D. D. in 1903.

In 1881, Dr. Thrall joined the "Yale-Dakota band of missionaries." There were nine of them. As they passed through Chicago they were given a large reception at the grand opera house. The nine previously met in a room and elected young Thrall as their speaker to represent them on that occasion.

Upon arriving in Dakota territory he went to Chamberlain where he organized the Congregational church at that place, and built the building. He remained at Chamberlain but one year, during the latter part of which he also did "minute man" work.

Then he accepted a call from the American Missionary association to do educational and missionary work. They assigned him to the principalship of Gregory normal institute, Wilmington, N. C. After that he was made principal of the Tougaloo (Miss.) university.

Not liking the southern climate he returned to Dakota, took up missionary work and organized the Congregational church at Armour. From there he went to Tomah, Wis., where he preached for two years.

His wife's health having begun to fail rapidly, the doctors advised them to go south again, so Dr. Thrall accepted the principalship of Pleasant Hill (Tenn.) academy.

However, in 1891, he returned to South Dakota again and became pastor for two years of the church at Redfield. During his last six months there he also acted as superintendent of the Congregational churches of the state. His organizing ability was so effective that he was made superintendent in May, 1893, and he has held this position now for upwards of twenty-two years.

The greatest honor that has been conferred upon him was the organization and naming after him of Thrall academy at Sorum, Perkins county, this state, in 1913. This gives the Congregationalists four institutions of higher education in South Dakota—Thrall academy, Ward academy, Redfield college and Yankton college.

It is due Dr. Thrall to lay additional stress on his effective platform work. At Yale, he was one of the seven speakers chosen from a class of thirty to represent them at commencement time. At Amherst, in a class of seventy-four, he was one of the six speakers chosen for commencement honors. He wrote for the Hyde prize. His oration

ranked first. Today he is in general demand for commencement season, and his addresses are always refreshing and up-to-date.

The books show that at the time Dr. Thrall became superintendent the total membership of the Congregational churches in South Dakota was 5,173. It has now 10,574. The number of families has also doubled. Benevolences have grown from $7,665 to $21,560. Home expenses from $50,543 to $164,234. The value of church property has multiplied several times.

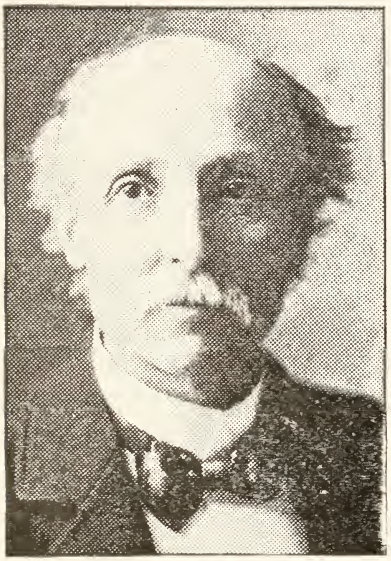
There are more Congregationalists in South Dakota to the population than in any other state west of New England, South Dakota in this respect even standing ahead of Congregational Iowa, the ratio now being one congregationalist to every fifty-eight people in the state.

Some 127 of the churches still living have been organized since the beginning of his work as superintendent twenty-two and more years ago. Of the churches still living 101 have erected new buildings during that time. Superintendent Thrall has taken part in the dedication services of all of these but four or five. He raised final bills on such occasions where called, except in four instances. Sometimes this involved the raising of several thousand dollars, e. g., Mitchell.

Most all occasions of that kind called for some last bills to be provided for and yet almost without exception no church has been dedicated without the money being raised. The two or three exceptions have been cases where the finances were not put in the superintendent's hands ahead of time nor carefully reported upon.

Sixty-nine parsonages belonging to the Congregational churches still alive have been completed in that time. At the beginning of his superintendency there were but six churches in his district which were self-supporting. Now the majority of them are.

He has been chairman of the committee on legislation appointed by the federation of Christian churches, several years in succession. In that capacity, or representing his own denomination, he has taken an active part in some important legislative work. He took a very active part in effecting an amendment to the South Dakota divorce law when Bishop Hare was also interested in that particular legislative work. And other legislative acts better guarding the home and the purity of womanhood have received his active attention during various sessions of the legislature.



ROLLIN J. WELLS

A LITERARY REVIEW

In the broad range of literary endeavor that has characterized the writings of our state, there seems to have been room for all; and the manner in which each of the leaders seems intuitively to have selected and developed a field of his or her own, is rather remarkable. It remained, however, for Rollin J. Wells, of Sioux Falls, to make an excursion into the field of drama and therein

to make for himself in his "Hagar" a reputation as a poetic dramatist that will, in all probability, give to him the domination of this field of literary thought for some time to come.

"HAGAR"

Hagar is a dramatic poem in three acts, illustrated throughout in two colors by the artist Hudson. It is founded upon the biblical narrative of Sarah's handmaid. Every sentence in it is measured with the mind of a master builder; every word is set in each sentence like a glistening diamond in a studded gem: it is simply a perfect piece of pure and undefiled English. To lovers of classic literature, to admirers of the faultless use of the Mother Tongue, nothing could be more satisfying than Hagar. It is easily the weightiest production in South Dakota literature.

"PLEASURE AND PAIN"

It is not Hagar, however, that we wish especially to discuss at this time, but rather Mr. Wells' new volume of poems, entitled "Pleasure and Pain," just from the press of the Broadway Publishing company of New York City.

Taken all in all, this is the most substantial volume of poems from the pen of a single author that has appeared thus far in

the history of our state. It consists of sixty-two poems, one of them covering twenty full pages.

Wells' poems appeal to old and young alike, because of their plasticity, their perfect rhythm, their music, the ideal selection of words in them, their charming originality, and the still greater fact that in each of them is a deep sympathy which touches the heart strings of all humanity.

The first selection in his new volume which has just been placed upon the market to accommodate the holiday trade, is given the same title as the book. It follows in full:

PLEASURE AND PAIN

Yes, Pleasure and Pain are a tandem team,
  Abroad in all kinds of weather,
And whether you know it or not my lad,
  They are always yoked together.

The first has a coat of silken sheen,
  With mane like the moonbeams streaming,
And a tail like the fleecy clouds at night
  When the winds and waves are dreaming.

And he moves like a barque o'er the sappling seas,
  As his feet the earth are spurning,
And his breath is blown through his nostrils wide,
  And his eyes like stars are burning.

Ah, gaily he rides who bestrides this steed,
  And flies o'er the earth with laughter,
But whether you know it or not, my lad,
  There's a dark steed coming after.

For, hard behind with a tireless pace
Comes Pain like a wivern, faster,
And whether you know it or not, my lad,
You must mount on him thereafter.

His nostrils are bursting with smoke and flame
From the fires that within are burning,
And whether you rue it or not, my lad,
There is no hope of returning.

Each hair on his sides is a bristling spear
That is poisoned with lost desires,
That rankles and burns in your quivering flesh
That is seared by the fiendish fires.

And whether you know it or not, my lad,
You may never dismount from Pain
Till for every mile you rode the first
You have ridden the latter twain.

One of the best poems in the book is entitled "Growing Old." The first one only of its five eight-line stanzas is herein reproduced:

A little more tired at the close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less ready to scold and blame,
A little more care for a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where Time and Eternity meet and blend.

Mr. Wells' poems are so perfectly wrought that they adapt themselves admirably to music and vice versa. This is especially true of "Hagar's Lament" and of "My Pilot." The latter poem has been set to good music and is for sale at the music stores of Sioux Falls. It will also be em-

bodied in a hymnal soon to come from press. This delicate poem follows:

Why should I wait for evening star—
Why should I wait to cross the bar,
And Death's dissolving hand to trace
The outlines of my Pilot's face?

Must my frail barque be driven and tossed
By winds and waves—be wrecked and lost
Upon life's strange and storm-swept sea
Because my Pilot's far from me?

No, not alone my way I trace,
Each wave gives back my Pilot's face;
To every sin and fear and ill,
To every storm he says, "Be Still!"

I need no longer vex my soul
With longings for that distant goal;
My Pilot sitteth at the prow,
And Heaven's within, and here, and now.

A clever sketch is one entitled "Grandpa." It is a fitting companion piece to Burleigh's "Grandma" ("Dakota Rhymes"). Speaking of the children

"As lively and cute as fleas,"

Grandpa is made to exclaim:

The racket they raise is beyond belief,
As they charge around my chair,
Pretending that I am an Indian chief
Or perhaps a polar bear.

The poet's "Little Old High Chair" reminds one of its sister poem by Daisy Dean-Carr, entitled "Treasures." In it Mr. Wells says in part:

Alone in the attic, it stands, so queer,
All covered with dust of many a year,
And it bears the marks of many a blow,
That was given it years and years ago;
But the little hands that grasped the spoon,
And beat upon it life's opening tune,
Have gone with the years that have come since
then.
For some are women and some are men;
And the chair is forgotten by all, save me,
But I climb the stairs full oft to see
The children gathered to me again,
No longer women—no longer men.

While the poems are all high grade and take rank with many of the best ones in our national literature, yet those, in addition to the ones previously mentioned, in which the deeper coloring and finer shades of sympathy may be found, are: "The Two Captains," "The Husband's Confession," "A Lonesome Place," and "A Dream."

Unlike other books of poems, this one has a preface and a conclusion ("Benedicite") that are both written in poetry. In the preface the author says:

If you should scan this title page,
And throw the book down in a rage,
I'd not be disappointed.

If you should skim the volume through,
And swear it was not worth a sou,
I'd not be disappointed.

If you should find some little thing
That in your heart would wake and sing,
I'd not be disappointed.

And if your cares were sung away,
And you were stronger for the day,
I'd not be disappointed.

If you should say about this book,
"The world will pause and read and look."
I would be disappointed.

And then, in concluding the volume, he says:

To all who have heard the music,
That comes in the quiet hour,
And brings to the soul in waiting,
A message of light and power—
As a breath from the fragrant forest
Is borne o'er the tropic sea—
I offer this little garland
That has blossomed in spite of me.

J. S. HOAGLAND

A PRACTICAL PREACHER

To be pastor for seven years, of one of the largest congregations of any denomina-

tion west of Chicago, in the United States, is no small honor; yet that has been the privilege of Dr. John S. Hoagland, pastor of the First M. E. church of Mitchell, South Dakota. The membership of his church at present is over 1,200.

Then, too, to be pastor of a church in a denominational university town—a town in which the church and the university belong to the same denomination, and where the congregation at church is largely made up of aspiring students from the university—is no small responsibility. These are the conditions that confront Dr. Hoagland, at Mitchell, the home of Dakota Wesleyan University.

His strength as a pastor rests largely in his originality, the depth of his thought, the breadth of his illustrations, and, above all, in his great taste and uncommon amount of common sense. Then, again, he is a companionable man—a real, congenial fellow—one whom the members of every other congregation as well as his own, love to meet and associate with. There is nothing chesty about him. His handshake is that of democracy, of wholesomeness, of sympathy.

PERSONAL

Dr. Hoagland is primarily an easterner, having been born at Mount Herman, New Jersey, December 10, 1866. Yet, in tem-

perament and sympathy, he is essentially western. Being a farmer's son, he yet has many of the good old democratic farmer ways about him.

"Who is that fellow going up the street yonder?" asked one gentleman of another, a few years since, while they were conversing on the streets of Mitchell.

"That is Dr. Hoagland, the new pastor of the Methodist church here," responded the interrogate.

"Well, sir, he has a typical farmer's gait, hasn't he" suggested the first.

He has that good, wholesome disposition characteristic of a typical farm boy. "Our country boys are the salt of the earth!" shouted an old sage years ago. Yes; for in 1912, eighty-four per cent of the various governors in the United States had come from the farm.

His early education was acquired in the rural schools of his native state. Like other red-blooded boys, who had read and studied our earlier histories wherein the authors emphasized military achievements and minimized civil accomplishments, young Hoagland's first ambition was West Point, and then a military career. Fortunately, he got this ideal out of his system at the proper age, and entered, instead, the New Jersey

state normal school, from which he graduated at the tender age of eighteen.

The young fellow then took up the teaching profession, and, in connection with his regular work, began the study of law. At the same time he took an active interest in the social and religious affairs of the community. Being a forceful public speaker, he soon became a power in the neighborhood. After four years of teaching, he was asked by his presiding elder to supply the pulpit in a nearby church for one summer. He accepted the call; the work proved congenial to him, and so he decided to enter the ministry.

Knowing as every boy must know, or if he does not know, will have to learn in the hard school of experience—that every man's success in life is proportioned quite largely by his preparation to succeed, the young pastor decided to enter De Pauw university at Greencastle, Indiana, and prepare himself for a preacher—not a little two-by-four pastor of a backwoods church, but for the ministry on a big scale. This was right! He "hitched his wagon to a star." Many a boy has failed because of the lack of a proper ideal.

It was now 1887. Young Hoagland was twenty-one years of age. Five solid years of

heavy study at De Pauw brought him up to 1892—the year of his graduation. Walking out of that sacred institution, at twenty-six years of age, with a Bachelor of Sacred Theology degree under one arm and a Bachelor of Philosophy degree under the other, he was ready and eager to enter his new field of labor, on a large scale.

HIS PASTORATES

Reverend Hoagland, upon his graduation, promptly joined the Northern Indiana conference, and was immediately assigned to duty as associate pastor of the Centenary M. E. church of Terre Haute, Indiana, which position he held for two years. He was then made pastor of the Maple Avenue church in the same city, for two years longer.

His next pastorate was at Michigan City, where he remained for three years. He was then called back to Greencastle and made pastor of College Avenue church—the church attended by the faculty and students generally of DePauw university. Here was honor coupled with responsibility. He was now to preach to the faculty that had schooled him. Faint hearts fall by the wayside in the presence of such responsibilities. John Hoagland was no weakling. He was not afraid of these masters of learning, nor doubtful of himself. He buckled in; and so full did he fill his job

that he held it for ten consecutive years, until he voluntarily resigned, to come to Mitchell, South Dakota in the spring of 1909, to succeed Dr. H. S. Wilkinson, who had resigned his position at Mitchell to go to the coast. He has, therefore, during his twenty-three years in the ministry, preached regularly in only four towns. This is a rather remarkable record within itself.

In 1904, five years before he came to Mitchell, his Alma Mater, De Pauw university, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and so we have all come to know him as Dr. Hoagland.

MRS. HOAGLAND

The Bible states, "Let every man take unto himself a help-meet." Dr. Hoagland evidently felt that as an exponent of the scriptures he, himself, would have to carry out all of these sacred mandates; that is, he would have to practice as well as preach; and so, away back in 1895, while he was still occupying the pulpit at Terre Haute, Indiana, he was united in marriage to Miss Alice Beckman, instructor in English in the state normal school at that place.

Last year (1915), being the twentieth anniversary of their wedding, a few evenings ago they gave a reception to the entire membership of their large congregation at

Mitchell, in honor of the event. During a happy after-dinner speech on this occasion, Dr. Hoagland told of his matrimonial experiences. He said: "When I asked Mrs. Hoagland to become my wife she was getting $1,100 per year as a teacher of English, and I was receiving but $800 per year as a preacher. It took a lot of nerve for an eight-hundred-dollar man to ask an eleven-hundred-dollar lady to become his wife."

Mrs. Hoagland, in replying in her usual tactful manner, said: "It took still more nerve for an eleven-hundred-dollar woman to marry an eight-hundred-dollar man, but I have never regretted it; and I was never happier in my life than I am tonight."

Dr. Hoagland, continuing his speech, said: "I was known in Indiana, and I have become known in South Dakota, as 'the preacher with a good wife.'" There are plenty of women in the world from which to select wives (there will be a superabundance after the European war.) If a man fails to select a good one it reflects more on him than it does on her, for it merely proves that he, himself, erred in judgment. Dr. Hoagland selected wisely. One of the hardest positions in the whole world to fill tactfully is that of a preacher's wife. Mrs. Hoagland fills her trying position with great

charm and power. She is a popular idol among the entire membership of her distinguished husband's church.

One son, Henry, a junior in the Mitchell High School, has blessed their union.

MULTIPLIED DUTIES

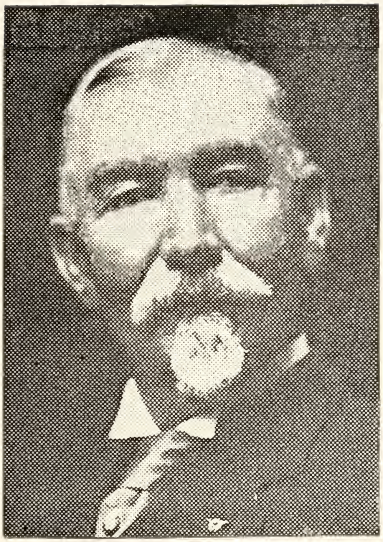
In addition to his regular pastoral duties, Dr. Hoagland is vice president of the board of trustees of Dakota Wesleyan university; president of the state Anti-Saloon League; member of the board of the national Anti-Saloon league; president of the board of trustees of the new Methodist hospital now in the course of erection in Mitchell, and a member of the national association of Social Service. It is little wonder with all these multiplied anxieties and with such a large church membership to look after, that for the past two years he has found it necessary to have an associate pastor.

PLATFORM POWER

Dr. Hoagland is in great demand over the state, not only as a pulpit orator of great power, but as a special lecturer for the anti-saloon league, Decoration day speaker for the old soldiers and an orator on commencement occasions. Before graduating classes, some men use a vocal shot gun, some a rifle, but Dr. Hoagland brings up his heavy artillery and uses a forty-two centimeter gun.

He has more calls for commencement addresses before high school and college classes, every year, than he can fill.

This able divine puts fire into his sermons. (Some preachers should reverse this process.) He is a master thinker—a logician, a Bachelor of Philosophy—and his style is wholly original. He never seeks to imitate; neither does he warm over sermons outlined by some one else at so much per. Everything about the man denotes his own powerful originality and strength of character. His sermons are not confined to one line. He generalizes—not only on Biblical deductions, but on civic reform and social conditions. A congregation of over 1,400 usually assembles each Sunday morning to hear his able, eloquent, profound morning sermon. His Sunday evening sermons are of an entirely different character—less formal, more inspirational, and very practical. Fortunate, indeed, is any community with a moral leader of this kind in its midst. That he will soon rise to the honored position of a bishop in his denomination is self-evident.



OUR VETERAN ENGINEER

By Roy W. Markham, in the Argus-Leader.

After forty-five years of service as a locomotive engineer, forty-three years of which were spent in the employ of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha railroad, William T. Doolittle,, of 135 South Prairie Avenue, who brought the first passenger train into Sioux Falls in 1878, was

today placed on the retired list at his own request. In all of his years of active service, it is said of the retiring veteran engineer that he never had an accident of any kind where there was any blame attached to him and that he was never the object of disciplinary measures. During his many years of railroading, Mr. Doolittle has also been the recipient of high honors at the hands of his hundreds of friends and fellow citizens, being a prominent thirty-second degree Mason, a past potentate of El Riad temple of the Mystic shrine, a past grand commander of the Knights Templar of South Dakota, and a former mayor of Sioux Falls, as well as an alderman and president of the city council under the old municipal government system and a member of important city committees. His devotion to the public good stands as an unquestioned fact of his career, whether occupying office or in private life. His life record is that of a man who has been fearless in conduct and stainless in reputation.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

Mr. Doolittle was born March 30, 1849, in Loudonville, Ohio, and the ancestry of his family can be traced back to the sixteenth century. His parents, Lucius and Eleanor Doolittle, removed to upper Sandusky, Ohio,

in 1859 and there as a boy he attended the public schools until he was 14 years old. His father was well to do and had planned a good education for his son, but when the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad, the second line constructed in Ohio, was built through Sandusky, William T. Doolittle was so much impressed that he decided to be a railroad man and, much against the wishes of his parents, abandoned the schoolroom to take up railroad work. He went to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where the new shops of the road were opened, and there served an apprenticeship of three years.

When a youth of seventeen he went upon the road as a fireman, and after serving two years in that capacity, was promoted to the position of engineer of a freight train. A year later he was given a passenger run, which he held for two years and when the engineers of the line went upon a strike he removed westward to Sioux City, Iowa, in March, 1873. Sioux City then was a town of about 3,000 population and it was a short time before that the Sioux City Journal had been bought by the Perkins Brothers for $2,500, a property now worth in the neighborhood of a half million dollars.

At that time, Mr. Doolittle entered the employment of the Chicago, Saint Paul, Min-

neapolis and Omaha railroad, with which he continued on the run from Sioux City to St. James, Minnesota, until 1878. In that year was built the first road that ever entered Sioux Falls and Mr. Doolittle ran the first train into the city. With the exception of one year, when he was instructor for the road, he has remained upon this run continuously since, covering a period of thirty-eight years, but has been with the company forty-three years.

ORGANIZED ENGINEERS IN NORTHWEST

Mr. Doolittle is a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, an organization with 72,000 members. He organized the first division of the order in the northwest at Sioux City, Iowa, in 1876. The grand international division of the order presented him on August 16, 1913, with a medal for faithful service in the order and made him an honorary member of the Grand Lodge for life. Of the seven thousand employees of the Omaha road he has the honor of being number one on their list. In fact, there is no other one of the seven thousand employees on the two thousand miles of road who was with the company when Mr. Doolittle joined them. This road has a veterans' association and Mr. Doolittle is one of the 162 who have been with the company for

more than thirty years and is thus entitled to membership in and is a member of the association.

HIS RAILROAD EXPERIENCES

Mr. Doolittle has been in only one railroad wreck and that was when they were running a doubleheader through a blinding snowstorm. The front engine broke down and, leaving the rails, pulled him with it.

In recalling that experience, Mr. Doolittle said, in a recent interview with the Argus-Leader, "The winter had been severe and the cuts were filled with snow. On the day of the accident, the thermometer was 35 degrees below zero and a blizzard was raging. At Luverne, Minn., we took on a double-header. Near Trent the snow plow on the leading engine broke down, throwing that engine off the track. That also threw the engine I was on off the track and it rolled down the bank. I lay beneath the engine an hour and a half before it was possible to get aid."

The conductor had wired the office at St. Paul that Mr. Doolittle had been killed. When the wrecking train arrived, someone looked between the driving wheels and discovered his body packed in below the engine. Then, after an hour and a half of digging, they rescued him. He was severely

injured and it was ten days before he could be brought to his home at Sioux Falls, where he was laid up for several months. The fireman with Mr. Doolittle was so badly injured that he died. The rescuing party found on investigation that Engineer Doolittle had done everything possible to stop the train when he discovered the engine was off the track, for they found the locomotive with the emergency brake applied and the engine reversed.

DOOLITTLE SAVED SIOUX FALLS

In 1879 Engineer Doolittle figured in an incident which saved Sioux Falls to the early settlers and is not generally known among the later generations.

R. F. Pettigrew, later a United States senator and still a resident of Sioux Falls where he was at that time a practicing attorney, boarded the train in Minneapolis with a deed that would clear up the title to what is now the town site of Sioux Falls. The title, heretofore, had been clouded, as the only title was an Indian script.

Mr. Pettigrew saw a Minneapolis attorney board the same train and knew that he had a quit claim deed to this property. If he reached the court house in Sioux Falls first and recorded the deed it would give him a title to the property on which the Sioux

Falls people had built their homes. If Mr. Pettigrew recorded his deed first the homes of the people would be saved to them. He stepped into a telegraph office on the way only to learn that the other attorney had wired first for a cab to meet him at the train. Greatly worried, he walked up to the engine on which was his friend, William T. Doolittle, and told him of the situation. Mr. Doolittle then instructed Mr. Pettigrew to come and get on the engine on the first station out of Sioux Falls, which he did, not saying a word to the conductor or anyone. A few miles out of Sioux Falls, Mr. Doolittle stopped his train, uncoupled his engine and made the run in, getting Mr. Pettigrew there first to record the deed and thereby saving the homes of the people. He was called into the office of one of the railroad officials who told him that the attorney had started suit against the railroad for fifty thousand dollars and that his dismissal was demanded. He replied: "If my dismissal will appease the wrath of this gentleman, it is of small matter." He was not dismissed.

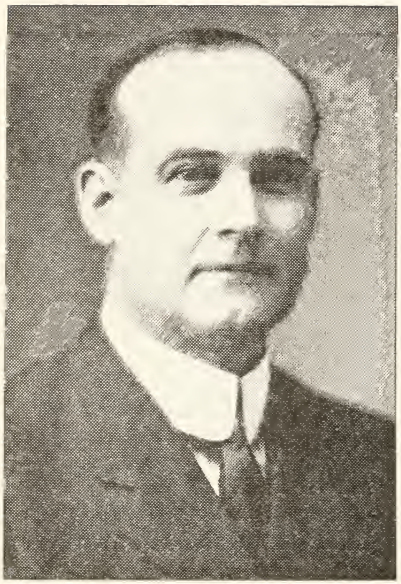
IN POSITIONS OF PUBLIC TRUST

Mr. Doolittle has ever had the interests of Sioux Falls at heart and a recognition of that fact has led to his selection for various positions of public trust. He was elected

alderman of the first ward in 1898, acting as president of the city council in 1897. He was on the committee with C. A. Jewett and J. W. Tuthill to build the new waterworks plant for the city of Sioux Falls and the work was completed at a figure less than the estimated cost. This was one job entirely free from any suspicion of graft. On April 21, 1908, Mr. Doolittle was elected mayor and it is generally admitted that he gave the city the cleanest administration that it has ever had. The opposition tried to unearth some skeleton in his private or public life that would be to his discredit, but the only thing that they could find was the story that he did not obey the orders of the railroad company when he uncoupled his engine and brought Mr. Pettigrew to Sioux Falls—an act which won for him the gratitude of the residents of the town. As the chief executive of the city he stood constantly for reform and progress, working untiringly for the interests of the people.

On the 26th of December, 1873, Mr. Doolittle was married to Miss Catherine Strock and they became the parents of three children: Jessie, who died at the age of three years; Walter S.; and Grace. Walter S., now an engineer on the Omaha road, wedded Marie Freeble, of Sioux Falls, and they have

five children, Eden K., Eunice, Norman, Theodore Frederick and Richard. Walter F. Doolittle served in the Spanish American war, going out as a private in Company B, but at the end of the war had risen to the rank of first lieutenant. The daughter, Grace, is the wife of Neil D. Graham, a commercial traveler living in Sioux Falls, and they have one child, Janet Catherine.



FRANK McNULTY

OUR TEACHER-LAWYER

Where are our experienced teachers? Echo answers: "In other professions, where the salary is larger, the opportunities greater, and where they do not need to seek employment at the end of each nine months."

Just so with Frank McNulty, the newly-appointed judge of the fifth judicial cir-

cuit. He was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, December 1, 1873; was educated at the University of Minnesota, and at Valpariso University.

Judge McNulty was formerly principal of schools at the little town of Wilmot in the southern part of Roberts county. Then he was elected superintendent of Roberts county and served in this capacity 1897-1900, inclusive. The last year of his supervision he was secretary of the republican state central committee. This position associated him very closely with the mighty Kittredge, and imbued his young mind with the possibilities in the field of law and of politics.

At the expiration of his two terms in office, like practically all other teachers who find their way into the office of county superintendent and thereby come in touch with a larger and more open life, he saw the jumping off place, and in order to gratify his newly-formed desires, he went to the University of Minnesota and took his law course. Returning to Roberts county, he was elected states attorney and served with distinction in this position for four years, 1905-1908.

Judge McNulty is one of the best political campaigners in the state. On the stump he is a genuine young Demosthenes, In 1906, he was selected as chairman of the

last republican state convention held at Sioux Falls. It was a trying position. The republican party, divided against itself, was willing to adopt any kind of tactics to defeat itself. The rulings of the chair (McNulty's) were appealed to the convention time and again, but the chair was always sustained. McNulty, the young lawyer who was presiding, was chosen by the insurgent crowd, who were greatly in the majority, and in the heated factional fight that was seething on the floor of the convention like a prospective eruption of Vesuvius, he was sure of being sustained—no matter what his rulings might be. But let it be said that although his decisions on parliamentary usages came like a flash from the chair, they were sane and showed his keenness of intellect, and his ability to "hold his head" and meet emergencies with astonishing rapidity.

The traits exhibited by him as presiding officer of a turbulent political convention, are the identical traits which are needed to make a great judge. It requires a much keener and more rapidly moving mind—one susceptible of classifying facts and formulating concepts—to act as circuit judge than it does to serve on the supreme bench. In the latter position a judge takes his technical

points of law under the most deliberate advisement. Not so with a circuit judge. In common vernacular, he has got to be right there with the goods on the spur of the moment. There is no waiting for after-thought. A shrewd lawyer, with his client's interests at heart and his own reputation at stake, has challenged a question put to the witness. There are no "ifs" or "ands." The judge must decide with suddenness and precision whether or not the witness shall or must reply. On his decision the fate of a life may depend. It requires a wonderful mind: Judge McNulty has it.

When Judge McCoy was promoted to the supreme bench, the governor and his advisers began to scan the circuit to find a young lawyer with scholastic preparation, decision, judgment and courage, to take his place. Through the ranks of the republican party one name was whispered above the others—it was the name of Frank McNulty of Sisseton—our young teacher-lawyer.

In his selection the governor made no mistake. We are proud to see a school man rewarded—even if he is compelled to seek the recognition in a new profession. Judge Fuller of the supreme bench (deceased) was also an old teacher and county superintendent. Judge Whiting, now on the bench, was

formerly a teacher. These men, when they reached a ripened manhood, saw that the law furnished much greater opportunities than the teaching profession, and so they swapped. Had McNulty remained in the teaching world, he would never have been heard of outside of some small locality. In the legal profession but four years and a few months, and we behold him on the circuit bench—sending sinners to the penitentiary.

And yet there are some people who will criticise us for showing up to our teachers from actual facts the comparative advantages in other fields.

Where are our teachers? Ask the legal profession to unfold its records. In addition to those previously mentioned, add the name of Abner E. Hitchcock, mayor of Mitchell, and a former principal of schools in an Iowa town. Yes! don't stop! Add the names of one-third of the successful lawyers of the state.

Where are our teachers? Ask the ministry to open its books. A young fellow was attending school at Dakota Wesleyan university. He was brilliant, to be sure. He won the state oratorical contest and gave the Chalcedony slab to his alma mater. After his graduation, the board of education in the

city of Mitchell elected him principal of their high school. In two years he resigned to enter the minisiry and today Arthur Shepherd is a shining light in the Methodist Episcopal church. Another young fellow married his Latin teacher at Cornell college, taught school briefly, gave it up for the ministry and today Elder Dobson, formerly of Mitchell, but now of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, astounds a state with his eloquence and influence. Halt! the record is too lengthy for perusal. Call the roll! Seventy-two per cent of the ministers of our state at some time taught school.

Where are our teachers? Ask the Bankers' association. Place at the head of the list O. L. Branson, of Mitchell, president of the First National bank of that place, an old normal school teacher. Turn over a page. There you will see the name of Colonel J. H. Holmes of Aberdeen, president of a newly-organized bank in that city, and a former normal school teacher. Go through the list to your heart's content and see what the teachers' profession has given to the bankers' career.

Where are our teachers? Let the insurance companies be investigated once more! We see the brilliant Charley Holmes, principal at Howard, then at Sioux Falls,

then writing life insurance, and today, with peace of mind and heart he sits in his comfortable chair in his private office in the New York Mutual company's magnificent structure in Sioux Falls, as their state manager, and draws the princely salary of $7,000 per year. (Our normal school presidents receive less than half this amount.)

Don't stop! Call up the record of William P. Dunlevy, a Harvard man; city superintendent at Pierre, then at Aberdeen; next year to take up insurance. A half dozen other prominent educators might be mentioned in the same category.

Where are our teachers? Ask the medical profession! Heavens! They, too have impoverished our ranks. Begin with Dr. Rock of Aberdeen, formerly city superintendent at Webster, this state, drawing a piccininsh little starvation salary—today head of the medical profession in this state—doing more surgery than any other man in South Dakota, with an income away up in the thousands.

And so on down the list. Two hundred more might be mentioned.

It will thus be seen that the teachers' profession is simply being used as a stepping stone to all other professions, trades and occupations. Why? Simply because any other

field offers greater opportunities. It is so with both sexes. Telephone exchange offices all over the state are filled with nervous little schoolma'ams. At $25 per month for twelve months in the year—year in and year out—they can save much more money than they can in the teaching business, and escape spanking other people's children and taking those barbarous examinations.

We regret that this little seance on comparative opportunities and swapping professions got hitched on to the life of Judge McNulty, but he made such an ideal character with which to introduce it, and his own life made such exemplification of the principle under discussion, that we just simply could not resist the temptation.

Reverting to our original topic, we glory in the wisdom of the judge. We would not admonish others to attempt to follow in his steps—not all have the same native ability. But in the years to come we shall watch his career with eager expectations, and if the supreme bench fails to reward his after years, we miss our guess entirely.

This being one of the first of this series of articles to have been published, several changes have since taken place among those alluded to in it. Judge McNulty, himself, has since resigned to enter the practice of law where the remuneration is much greater than on the bench.